

The Spirit of Fire: First Contact

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Summary: Disabled and drifting in space The Spirits of Fire detects signs of life on the planet below and the ships AI starts quick thaw protocols. What will they find when they launch a scouting mission.
OCxAshoka

1. Sacrifice

Sacrifice

Location: Unknown

>Date: 2525 UNSC ST<p>

"Lieutenant!"

Sargent J. Forge yelled as he heard the man collapse behind him. The three Spartans turned to face the new threat. What they saw was the pure definition of intimidating.

The Elite in front of them stood just over eight feet and looked like he was made of solid muscle. His armor was extravagant, shining silver in the artificial sunlight, runes of unknown meaning inlaid on the surface. His jaw hung open to reveal sharp, feral teeth his upper lip curled up in rage.

Forge turned to the Spartans as he heard a commotion. What he saw made caused a shiver to pass down his spine, a horde of elite honor guard charged down the walk way. Looking between the two groups of foes he made a split second choice.

He yelled to the spartans "Go I'll take care of him!" The Spartan nodded and charged the aliens, but Forge didn't see their battle for he had entered one of his own. He climbed up to the FTL(1) Reactor and hit the emergency release switch on the trailer. The reactor quickly sled toward the arbiter attempting to crush him.

Forge could hear the Spartans engaging the elites as he ran to the opposite side of the reactor. He raised his MA5B as he rounded the corner. In the small space between the door there was nothing the Xeno had disappeared. John started to lower his assault rifle when he heard a sound behind him. He moved faster than he had ever achieved before, throwing himself to the side Forge saw the Arbiter had stabbed where he had been half a second ago.

He quickly leapt up and started to spray the elite with 7.62x51mm AP FMJ round, but to Forge's dismay they harmlessly pinged off of his opponents shields. The Arbiter marched up to him and swung his energy sword at the human but the blow was dodged before Forge could bring up his gun to fire again the elite backhanded it away.

Without thinking Forge wrapped his arms around the elite's waist and tackled him to the ground. He landed on top, on instinct he pulled his pistol and unloaded the clip into the alien's hand causing him to drop the energy sword. This enraged the Arbiter as he rolled over and delivered a bone-breaking punch to the human's chest. Forge gasped as he felt his ribs break in his body.

The Arbiter got up and grabbed the human by the head. "Like the rest of your race, you are weak and undisciplined." he then tossed him into the FTL reactor trailer. Forge grunted as he felt his already broken bones shift. The Massive Elite threw him again this time toward the edge, stopping just feet away from death.

"There will be no female to save you this time." As the Arbiter said this he swiftly picked up his fallen energy sword and ignited it in one fluid motion.

Forge struggled to get up as he felt his ribs moving in his chest "Look me in the eye and say that."

"As you wish." the Arbiter grabbed the back of the human's head just as he had gotten to his knees, and brought him to eye level. "My face will be the last thing your pathetic eyes will ever see." He drew back his sword to make the final stab.

Before the blow landed, Forge put all his remaining speed and strength into one desperate last move. He raised his hand and drew the knife that was sheathed on his chest, pulled it back and forced it into the Elite's neck.

The elite stumbled back a few feet his hand raised to his neck trying to stem the tide of indigo blood pouring out of his jugular. Seizing the opportunity Forge picked up the energy sword, which was huge the handle being the length of his forearm, and drove it into the alien's chest, blue wraith-like contrail followed the blade.

The Arbiter stumbled back his eyes wide, mind refusing to believe his situation. He then dropped blood covering the entirety of his left side. "And just for the record, I would have kicked your ass the first time if the lady hadn't stopped me."

The Spartans jogged to the Sergeant. "Sir, are you alright?" One of them asked, Alice. Forge bent over the elite's body and pulled out his knife and grabbed a small metal cylinder. He looked down as he got up and saw he was covered in both his own and his foe's blood.

"Ya, let's just set the thing."

"Douglas and Jerome are already unpacking." John looked over and saw she was right. The other two Spartans of red team had moved the lieutenant out of the way and had pushed the reactor into the building. He walked over to Jerome who was at the reactors terminal.

"Sir, it's already over heating. I'll have to separate the cores and align them manually when they need to blow." Jerome said turning to face Forge.

Forge grabbed the Spartans shoulder pad "Son, I have a feeling before this is over we'll need every last Spartan in the fight. I can do this. Report back to the ship."

He removed his hand as the massive Spartan turned to face him. Jerome nodded his head "Good luck sir. It's been an honor."

The Spartan started to walk away but stopped as he heard something get up, fearing one of the elites survived he swung around and aimed his MA5B, but quickly dropped it in shock. "Lieutenant?" was all he could mutter. The man that he saw get imposed by an energy sword was getting to his feet.

"Fuck..." the lieutenant gasped, he was in extreme pain and close to death. "Sergeant, I'll handle it... I'm dead anyway... Just go."

Forge's jaw was hanging wide in shock. But he quickly came back to reality. "No, the Spartans will evac you. You'll live."

"Don't... Bullshit me... I know I'm dead... Nothings gunna change that fact... This is my last wish... Don't make me order you to go." the lieutenant said in-between grunts of pain as he worked his way to the reactor. "Go! Before I change my mind!"

Forge, Jerome, Alice and Douglas all simultaneously snapped a perfect salute as the Forunner doors closed the man from sight.

"Let's go." Douglas said quietly.

* * *

><p>A female voice came over the radio in the pelican "Captain, the exit tunnel has been sealed, our escaped is blocked."<p>

A male voice responded "Ground teams, find a way to open that portal or we are all dead."

Forge walked up to the radio and joined the conversation "Sir, from what I can see the structure is weakest at the centre if you place a MAC round there it should destroy the seal."

"What if it doesn't break?" the female voice came on again.

"Well Serrina, we're all FUBAR'd."

The male voice sounded again after a moment "Alright Forge get back on the ship, Alpha and Beta platoons are disengaging now and will

arrive in ten minutes."

A rasping cough came over the radio. "ughh... Cutter I hate to do this but the core is going to melt down in exactly 12 minutes I'll have to detonate it before then or it won't go off." the Lieutenant said.

* * *

><p>The bridge door opened and the three Spartans walked in followed by Forge. "Well is everyone on board." Forge asked resting his hands on the holographic display board and noticed the last pelican disappear into the Spirit.<p>

"Now everyone is but... Holy shit what happened to you?" a young woman in a lab coat said as she turned around.

"Nothing major."

"But you..." she started to retort but was cut off by a man in a green uniform, he looked to be in his late 40 maybe early 50s, his hair was entirely gray but most of it was hidden by his army cap.

"Enough Anderson! Serina get out of here!"

"I can't. The sun is going super nova and it's gravity well is expanding." a blue tinted woman replied she was about two feet tall and lines of code ran vertically up her body.

"Well let's use that to our advantage. Plot a course that will take us through the sun and sling shot us out."

"Threading a needle while accelerating past an exploding star inside a planet that's falling apart. Sure, why not." the AI replied sarcastically.

"Serina! Can you do it." the captian Barked.

"It's done. You might want to hold onto something." Cutter walked to his chair and strapped himself in while the Spartans, the doctor, forge and the bridge crew all strapped into extra chairs.

"Closing your eyes might help too." Serina joked.

Everyone on the bridge took her seriously and shut there eyes as they skimmed the surface of the small sun and started accelerating to impossible speeds when they looped around cutter opened his eyes and yelled.

"Fire main MAC now!"

"Firing." the AI responded.

The 600 ton tungsten sabot punctured through the structure blocking there way, the shields failed a half second later, three seconds later _the Spirit of Fire_ raced through the hole in the ground at blinding speed.

They erupted from the surface of the planet scraping a collapsing mountain on the way out.

"Serina status report!" Cutter sighed.

"Hull breaches on decks one through six, fires are reported on decks 7 and 8, we've lost deck guns 8-19 and MAC four is offline."

"Seal all sections with hull breaches, and dispatch fire control teams. Then focus on bringing the MAC online."

"Aye aye sir." the AI vanished. The captain got up from his chair and looked to the bridge crew. Only half of the men he set out with were still here, it hurt more than anything else.

With a deep sigh he turned to the Spartans, Forge and Anders "You are all dismissed. Our fight is over and we have a long trip ahead of us."

They all left without a sound. He made his way to the scanners post, left unattended after the operator was infected by that- that thing. He didn't have to have anyone there for Serina could operate the machine better than any human but he needed time to think. His thoughts were not kind.

What am I going to do?

If these people die it'll be on my hands.

Did we have to use our slip core?

Was I worth it?

He got up and walked to his command chair and basically fell into it and let the last few days events wash over him. He took off his cap and ran his hand through his hair. Cutter sat there for long minutes as the Spirit drifted silently through space.

He finally made up his mind and did the only logical thing possible. He reached down and toggles the ship wide announcement systems.

"Attention all UNSC Personnel, this is Captain Cutter speaking. I know we've had a long and hard journey to get to this point but the road ahead is longer still. But you have all gone above and beyond the call of duty, you fought off the Covenant, fought off the-the infection but most of all you've saved humanity from annihilation. For that you should be proud. But since we lack an FTL Reactor I'm issuing Protocol Omega. All uninjured crew members not involved with repairs or running of the ship are to head to their designated Cryo-Bays. You've done well you deserve a rest."

* * *

><p>"Captain, I would much rather stay awake and monitor this area." Anders protested she was trying to get out of Protocol Omega by searching for Covenant activity. But the Captain had finally taken her to the Cryo bay.<p>

"Professor, there has been no sign of the Covenant for two weeks. There's nothing to do." Cutter sighed as he led her to one of the coffin shaped pods.

She started to protest "But captain..."

"But nothing professor, you got us all out of there alive. Get some rest." he said while gently guided her into the pod.

"Not all of us captain. Not all of us." She said as the hatch started to close over her. It's hissed as it compressed and ice started to form on the doctor face and the view port.

He walked to the next pod to the right of his own and closed it. It lay empty the owner giving himself up to save them all. The captain stared at the name for over an hour before finally heading to his own pod. "Wake me when something happens, Serina."

The name of the young lieutenant was the last thing his conscious mind perceived.

Lieutenant Micheal J. Keyes

* * *

><p>AN: There you go the first chapter of this hopefully great story. First contact should be made in the third or fourth chapter while the first and second will build the scene. But I'm surprised that few people have use the Spirit of fire as the base for cross overs, most people do Slipspace jumps gone bad or master chief but only a few people have used this or even Jorge from halo reach.

Please guys my only motivation is your guys reviews so please help me out the more reviews I get the more I feel like writing!

2. Abandoned

Abandoned

A hologram flickered to life on the small metal disk that was grasped in an armored hand. The hologram was of a foot high, robed man, his beard pointed and grey. "Pre Vizsla, good to see you. How goes your invasion?"

"Count Dooku, it goes well but a Jedi cruiser has appeared in orbit. If you could disable it, Mandalore would be ours within an hour." Vizsla replied. He was a young man no more than 30, he stood 6 feet tall and was encased in blue and silver armor.

"I will have my droids take care of it. But the real reason I contacted you is because one of my sensor stations on Mandalore detected a giant ship approaching the planet in real space. Do you no anything about this?"

"Yes it came into sensor range two weeks ago, it's heavily damaged and there are no signs of life on board. Although it doesn't match any ship in any database."

"Interesting. Hmm I will meditate on this matter but within the next ten minutes the Jedi cruiser will not bother you."

"Thank you, Count but I must take my leave." The death watch leader

bowed as he shut down the communicator.

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"I don't know Snips. I just don't think your ready to lead a commando team all by your self." The man rubbed his chin while looking at his apprentice.

The young togrutans jaw dropped slightly "Master! I'm not a child any more, I'm seventeen. I can take care of myself. Besides the clones will be with me." she placed her hands on her hips and nudged her head in the direction of the five clones troopers boarding the LAAT.

The man sighed and looked at the girl in front of her. She was right in the past two years she had developed both bodily and skillfully "Fine go but be careful, death watch gave Obi-wan a run for his money two years ago."

The togrutan smile showing her feral like teeth "Thanks sky guy you got nothing to fear, I'll finish of the sensor jammer and be right back no problem." Ashoka said as she turned toward the gunship and joined her team. The ship took off and headed toward the moon.

He turned to leave but was interrupted by a clone wearing painted armor. "General Skywalker sir, Admiral Yularen wants you on the bridge now. We've detected a large-

Before he could finish the ship shook violently and the lights switched from bright white to a dark red.

"Rex what just happened?" Anakin barked as he stumbled and held onto a wall.

The clone recover quickly. "We've been hit by an ion cannon that the droids built on Madalore."

The Jedi groaned as he took out a communicator and a holographic image of the admiral came to life. "General ten Separatist ships have just entered the system. All our systems are down but we've managed to get the engines online. Sir we must retreat if we are to survive."

"Alright, call back Ashokas gunship and we'll go."

"I'm sorry Anakin but we don't have any comm systems online. And even if we did we'd still be jammed and if we broke through those we can't operate the hanger doors. I'm sorry but she will have to look after her self." Yularen said almost remorsefully.

"Dammit! Fine you win you didn't even give me a chance to argue. As soon as we leave start work on the comm systems and try to get a hold of Kenobi, he may be able to help." Anakin put his head against the wall and turned off the comm.

Ashoka was alone.

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The interior of the LAAT drop ship was bask in an eerie red glow the

six occupants stood in silence until Ashoka spoke up.

"Alright, Taler, Vin, Jay, Zag, Darman you all know the plan we take out the jammer silently, then signal Skywalker to start the liberation."

The five clone commandos that formed theta squad all nodded. They were equipped with DC-17m Interchangeable weapon systems and had holstered DC-15s sidearms. They wore Katarn-Class Commando armor all with regal blue sigils and designs hand painted on.

"Good we land in one minute, safeties off boys."

"What's the ROE, mam?" Darman the squad leader asked.

"Open season on all targets wearing Mandalorian Armor." she said jokingly.

Under their helmets the clones grinned a bit. They never let anyone know but Ashoka was one of the best Jedi they had served under. During the year and a half she was there leader they learned that she never viewed any clone as a number but as an individual and took the time to learn all their names and was always raising moral with quick one liners.

From the speakers over head the pilots voice sounded. "We are at the LZ. Good luck, I'll be here when your done."

The doors to either side slid open and the six members of the cammando team filtered out and made their way through forest of Concordia.

The pilot waited ten minutes before starting to undo his restraints and relax, the commando team would take a few hours and he intended to get some rest during that time.

He was just starting to fall asleep when three blaster bolts went through the canopy and left dark holes in his chest.

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They had been walking for a hour and they had just got sight of the out post where the jammer was located. It was a square structure with a large antenna array on the roof, surrounded by Death Watch. Lucky for the commandos the structure was shrouded in darkness.
>(Kinda looks like the Endor shield base from episode VI but with out the forest)<p>

Ashoka started to get up from their recon spot but was grabbed back down by Vin. "Were are you going young 'un?"

Ashoka looked at him confused not understanding the question. "Umm infiltrate the base."

The clone shook his head and Taler pointed toward the outpost. Ashoka turned her head and saw what they pointed at. A large device stood in front of the entrance. It stood on three legs and had four sensors pointing North, South, East and West.

"Looks like a Force Sensor. Sorry Ashoka you'll have to sit this one

out, but if we get detected try to catch up." Jay said.

Ashoka sat down with a huff and did the togrutan equivalent of running her hand through her hair. "Fine but do it silently, blades and hands only."

Vin patted her on the back "Don't worry young 'un when we take it down, Death watch'll come running and you'll get some action."

"Go, I'll keep watch on enemy movement." The togrutan sigh and took out her compact macrobinoculars. And lay on her stomach, in the darkness of night her Macrobinoculars weren't the best choice but she had to make do.

The clones nodded and crouched down and continued to creep toward the base. Ashoka watched as Vin and Jay grabbed two Death Watch in choke holds not letting go until both had ceased their struggles, then pulled them into a ditch.

Ashoka watched as they crept up to the next two patrolling guards, Zag and Taler unsheathed there combat knives, sunk them into the necks of the guards and covered their mouths in less than a second.

Ashoka grimaced and looked away. She had no problem with the sight of death but blood got to her. In the four years she had been with Anakin she had grown used to the bloodless warfare that blasters and lightsabers yielded. No matter who she killed with both of her blades not a single drop of blood was spilled, the light sabers cauterized the wound as it cut, and when clones fell in front of her the wounds were burnt shut.

She looked back through her marcobinoculars and was able to see Vin slip into the outpost. She looked up as a droning sound filled her ears and let out a curse that would have cause Yodas heart to fail. Above the base a drop ship of madalorian design was starting landing protocols. The ramp lowered and a single Death Watch member stepped out.

The man wore Mandalore battle armor and had a cyan cape over his right shoulder, and on his helmet the Death Watch symbol was painted in white. Ashoka gasped when she saw a metal tube hanging on his belt.

She knew it wouldn't work but she had to try. She put her hand to her ear and turned to the commandos frequency.

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The men of Theta squad moved silently down the hall, they had killed six terrorists four outside two inside. This irritated Vin, he was worried a body would be discovered and if it was they were probably done for.

No matter how great a clone is trained the fact remains that they were fighting proper Mandalorian warriors. The only clones Vin could think of that would have a chance would be ARCs.

Darman raised his left fist in the universal sign for a full stop and peered around the corner. When he brought his head back he raised two

fingers, put his arm straight up while making a gun with his fingers lastly he made a cut throat gesture. Next he patted his right bicep with three fingers and pinched his chin with his index finger and thumb.

Vin understood easily, two targets with rifles that were to be put down and the cell leader who would be taken hostage.

Darman brought three fingers up again and slowly put them down one at a time. When none were left they charged the room, Vin took one of the insurgents tackling him to the ground and stabbing him in the neck. The blood poured from his artery and pooled on the ground, when he stood up he noticed the right side of his chest plate was stained in red as was Zags.

Jay had the officer by the neck and was forcing him to shut down the jammer quietly, keeping his knife at the base of the man's skull for encouragement. When they had finished Jay sunk the blade into the man's brain and let him fall. The jammer shut down with a whine and their comms came to life.

"-out! Mission abort!" Ashoka's voice sounded frantic.

"Whoa whoa whoa. Ashoka repeat your last." Taler asked.

"I said abort the fucking mission Per Vizsla is here!"

Suddenly a voice sounded behind them, causing them to turn around guns raised. "Well look what we have here. There is no need for violence you men are trained in the Mandalorian art of war, that gives you my respect. Just put down your weapons and I'll gladly let you join death watch."

"Per Vizsla I assume, how shall I say this. We would rather die than join a fucking Dar'manda like you." Jay deadpanned.

Vizsla shook his head then started to leave. "Such a waste, kill them."

Two Death Watch soldiers opened fire a pistol in each hand. Before the clones could react both Jay and Taler took bolts to the chest, killing them instantly.

"FIRFIEK!" Darman shouted as he depressed the trigger sending a flurry of plasma towards the rebellious Mando Warriors, but before they hit the pair ducked around the corner.

"Darman use the Grenade launcher! Smoke 'em out!" Zag said as he sidestepped over to Jay and bent down doing a quick vital check. He shook his head when he felt no pulse.

In the time it took him to do this Darman swapped the parts on his DC-15 to form a grenade launcher. He loaded a high explosive shell, then sent it flying. But once again the Death Watch was one step ahead, both simultaneously stepped out of the blast range and into view one had his left arm pointed straight out. Suddenly a jet of flame erupted from his gauntlet and wrapped itself around Darman.

Darman was so busy attempting to pat out the flames, that he didn't

notice the other opponent launch a missile from his own gauntlet, it crashed into him and exploded, sending bits of him around the room.

Now coated in the blood of his brother, Zag snapped, he dropped his DC Rifle and charge the one who launched the rocket. When he was close enough he put all his momentum behind a punch that connected with the Mandalorian's face. The force of the punch caused his Vibroblade to activate and pierce through the man's skull.

But before he could even acknowledge his kill Zag received a blaster bolt to the side of the head, courtesy of the remaining terrorist. Vin, now the only remaining commando, emulated how his brother took down the first Death Watch charged with a powerful punch.

The Mando Warrior caught the clone approaching out of the corner of his eye, grabbed the extended arm and threw the clone on the floor and started to raise his pistol to finish him off. But Vin shot the pistol out of his hand with his own.

"Chakaar!" the Mandalorian cursed as he jumped on top of Vin, ripped his helmet off and proceeded to pummel his face in. Vin half blocked his face with one fore arm, while reaching for his fallen helmet with the other. But he was an inch short.

Firfiek! I'm so close. There I got it.

He grabbed the rim of the helmet and swung it so that it connected with the Death Watch operative's head. He was thrown off and lay there stunned. Vin stumbled to his feet and noticed his pistol laying on the ground a few feet away. He walked over and picked it up, looking over he noticed his opponent had just lifted himself to his knees. Without hesitation Vin raised his pistol and dropped the man with a single bolt.

Now to get out.

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Ashoka watch with horror as Per Vizsla walked out of the outpost alone. Her logic struggled to overcome her fear.

Oh my god, I'm alone. The clones are dead and I'm next.

Don't think that way listen, ya you hear that, that's the sound of a gun fight, the clones are alive and kicking.

Than I should go help them.

No remember Obi-wan's briefing, do not engage Per Vizsla. If you go down there what do you think will happen.

The sound of gun fire stopped. After about half a minute a single shot echoed through the area.

See there dead! It's all my fault, there dead because I failed!

**Failed at what? What did you do wrong? Besides you have no way of knowing if there dead. Your a Jedi you've been trained to handle

this.**

Oh thank the force! There's Vin! Wait... No!

Before her eyes she watch Vin stumble out of the outpost, he was helmetless and his face was a bloody mess. Without his helmet he didn't have access to his motion tracker and there fore didn't notice Vizsla behind him until it was to late.

With one swift motion Vizsla activated his black light saber and severed Vins left leg. With a roar of pain he dropped onto his back, even through the intense pain he attempted to raise his pistol. This only served to get his arm cut off above the elbow. Vizsla raised the blade in a two handed grip, blade down and plunged it into the clones heart. Vin fell silent.

Vizsla deactivated his saber and raised a holocomunicator. After a minute he shut it off and a squad of five Mando Warriors exited the drop ship and approached Vizsla. The Death Watch leader pointed in Ashokas direction and the five activated their jump packs.

So what's the logical thing to do?

Run, definitely run.

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A/N: So guys here's the next chapter, I hoped you like it. Was a bitch to write durning Exam week but I got it done and am quite proud of my self.

Now to explain some of Ashokas reactions. First is her unease about bloody death, for the past four of five years she participated in a war where blood is almost never dropped. Her only opponents are droids who don't bleed and when clones fall the light saber and blaster wounds cauterize themselves. The only time she fights blood is the rare time clone get into Melee with other organics.

Now her fear was driven by the prospect of losing her squad. Now these arnt regular clones these are her own troops who she has lead for a year and a half. She's already been given a cannon approved trait of feeling guilty when clones under her command die.

That's all.

3. The Drop

The Drop

A/N: All pics of OCs and main characters will be posted within two days of this chapters release.

:-:-:-

Spirit of Fire

>Orbiting unknown planet

>256512/25 UNSC ST**

"Captain, wake up. Something has happened."

Hesitantly, Captain James Cutter forced his eyes open. Overwhelming light stabbed into his aging eyes and he was sure tears would form under his gray eyebrows. His cryo-pod cracked open with a hiss, the burning sensation over his covered torso nearly crippling him. He failed to maintain his balance and he dropped to the grated floor. Heaving a chilling breath, he exhaled with a hacking cough, racking his body with even more pain.

His mind tried to catch up with his present state. The Captain had been quick-thawed only once before, and he knew the only reason for such a risky procedure was dire circumstances. And if they were indeed dire, then as captain of the Spirit of Fire, he was needed to be fully functional.

He rolled onto his rear and cleared the moisture from his face with a brush of his hand. He shielded his eyes till they were partially adjusted to the Cryo Room's overhead glow panels. He coughed a few more times before looking up at a small pedestal stationed at the very end of the chamber. James was expecting to see the glowing avatar of Serina, the ship's on board AI, but the pedestal remained dark.

Nevertheless, Serina's voice echoed through the speaker system. "Captain, I need you on the bridge."

James frowned to himself. _Since when did I take orders from an AI?_

He shook the mildly amusing thought from his mind and lifted himself up off the floor, clutching his own pod for balance. "Give me a minute." He let a quick dizziness spell evaporate before his eyes and started for the exit. James found his locker and quickly got dressed. It would be highly improper for a UNSC Captain to go strutting around the deck wearing nothing more than a body suit.

Placing his trusty cap on his head, James paused in front of the locker's small mirror. His mind was racing with random thoughts, even distracting so-called priorities of dressing one's self, and his gut began to grow cold with worry that any more delay could ultimately effect the Spirit of Fire in the most negative way. He nodded to his reflection and slammed the door shut.

James exited the Cryo Room, taking note that there were no other crew members up and about, and walked down the short foyer that lead to a long hallway. He passed Cryo Rooms B and A, and he stopped short when he noticed the empty lockers outnumbering the occupied ones, situated along the wall. James sighed as he placed a hand over an opened locker door and shut it quietly. On its exterior, the paint had been chipped and scarred from too many times when the owner had hurried off to battle. The worn identifying label was still attached: Pvt. Gregory Aiken. Cutter didn't recognize the name, and he wondered at what point the marine had sacrificed his life in service to the UNSC.

Was it on Arcadia, or possibly on that God-forsaken shield world?

He didn't have the answer, but the memories of those engagements were still vividly entrenched in his mind. His priorities since taking

back Harvest had changed suddenly and drastically after discovering the Covenant had found and unlocked an ancient star map deep inside the Polar Regions. Professor Ellen Anders was able to access the map, albeit briefly, and it led them to Arcadia, the doctor's own home world. Cutter pivoted on his right foot and leaned back against the locker's cool metal surface.

When we got there, the Covies were just slaughtering innocent civilians. He felt his hands tighten into fists so he forced them open. _We saved as many as we could that day._

James took his cap in his hand and ran his other hand through his grey hair. _But we lost so many, I doubt there's even half of us left._

The Covenant had found something of importance on Arcadia, and after a long battle, Anders and Sgt. John Forge were able to search the devastated area for clues of the enemy's plans. Only Anders was captured and we had to follow her transponder. A security breach like that could have ended the war right then and there. But what Cutter or Serina couldn't anticipate was arriving at an uncharted system. Only it wasn't just another transit stop, but a shell of a world. A shield world, if you will. There they not only encountered a Covenant presence but a new lifeform Serina had classified as parasitic in nature. Had Private Aiken succumbed to the ill affects of this infection? Sadly, James knew that of all the possible ways to die on the battlefield, that would have been the worst.

Following Anders' signal brought them to the inside of the planetoid where the Spirit of Fire clashed briefly with the Covenant ship that led them there. Taking a lot of damage, they were able to achieve some hasty field repairs before clearing the engagement. Miraculously, Professor Anders had escaped her captivity and Sgt. Forge helped her get back to the ship. While he was able to lead the ground forces in establishing a beachhead on the surface, Anders relayed her findings that the Covenant had unlocked an ancient armada of highly advanced ships and were planning to instigate them into their own fleet.

James pushed himself off the locker and started walking again. He wondered why he didn't dream of any of this while in cryo sleep, but he figured it was for the best. Without Lieutenant Keyes sacrifice of personally detonating the Spirit of Fire's FTL drive at the shield world's core, the Covenant could have wiped Humanity off the galactic map in a matter of years with that technology. _Sacrifice,_ James thought to himself. _If there were one word that could sum up the actions of the brave men and women who have fought with the Spirit of Fire, it would be sacrifice._ Pursing his lips, he shook his head and tried to reorient to his current situation. _Get your mind right, Cutter._

He struggled to keep such thoughts out of his head as he made his way toward the bridge, instead he found himself focused on more relevant matters. _I wonder what's going on that I needed to be quick thawed? Hell I wonder how long we've been drifting. I'll know soon._

He slowed down his pace to a slow walk as he neared the bridge, the metal door opened when he neared revealing the empty room. Very few monitors where lit up, most where completely black but two or three were filled with static. His brow furrowed slightly when Serina spoke

up.

"Captain are you alright?" It was definitely the AI's voice but her hologram hadn't appeared as it should have.

"Fine, fine just a little sore from the quick thaw. How long were we out?" James asked as he sat in his command chair.

"The date is December 25th, 2565. Merry Christmas Captain." Once again the AI's depiction didn't appear.

Cutter let his head drop onto his hands. Forty years. God what have we missed? Is the war over? Wait forty years! James' blood ran cold as it dawned on him. He raised his head and stared at the closed windows.

"Uh Serina? It's been forty years. How are you not rampant?"

"Ah yes. That. I may have broken some major protocols to sustain myself." the AI finally appeared, her hologram looked exactly the same except that it was dimmed and the code running along her body flowed slower.

"What protocols?" The captain's hand instinctually started to reach for his holster, even though he knew full well it wouldn't help him if the AI wanted to she could vent the entire ship's atmosphere.

"Oh just the one prohibiting core splits." A new voice startled James causing him to whip around his gun drawn. What he was staring at shocked him. Another hologram, this one looked like Serina but her hair was shorter and she wore a plain tee-shirt and jeans.

"Captain, let me introduce my sister. Serenity. By splitting my core into another AI we have been able to run the ship while the other repaired itself." Serina walked off her holopad and appeared on Serenity's.

Cutter holstered his pistol and fell into his chair, rubbing his temples. Anders is going to love this. "Alright nice to meet you. Now what is so important that I needed to be thawed?"

Serenity spoke "It was my shift and while we drifted I had formed a habit of passing all planets we pass. Well the one I just scanned is heavily colonized and the moon appears to be mined out."

James' head jerked up instantly a million questions running through his mind "Have we made contact?"

The AI's shook their heads.

"Are they Covenant?"

Another shake of the heads.

"Human?"

The two AI's looked at each other and tentatively nodded.

Cutter was about to let out a sigh of relief but something made him stop. "What is it. What's wrong?"

Serina spoke this time. "While they are Human, we do not believe they are UNSC also there is heavy fighting in the planets major population centers and sporadic skirmishes on the moon. Also we are unable to make contact because of a jamming device on the moons surface."

"Who's attacking and why don't you think they're UNSC?" James sighed. He was tired, no matter how much he tried to deny it.

"We ruled out UNSC because there isn't a single UNSC satellite in orbit not even wreckage. As for who's attacking we don't know, the jammer is interfering with our scans, but we suspect it was built by the invaders." Serenity said crossing her arms.

"Who is invading?"

"Unknown, if the jammer is to be taken out more could be accomplished."

He sighed and sunk into his chair "Alright if we're going to do this, we're going to do this right. How many ODS'T do we have?" Cutter asked.

"Unfortunately only three." Serina chirped

"What's there squad designation?"

"They're the ghosts."

"I hoped so..." he muttered to himself, to the AIs he barked confidence coming to him. "Quick thaw Cryo bays A through N, set the ship to full alert! Set bearing to Alpha Nine, Sigma Eight, Charlie Three! I want the ODS'T in their pods yesterday!"

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They were rushing. As soon as they had been thawed they were given order to take down a hostile jammer on an unknown moon below them. The three of them were in the armory gearing up for their drop, but they weren't alone.

Next to them the three Spartans were also preparing, they were being inserted into the largest city on the planet to gain visuals of the situation. He watched them prepare for a moment, they were the pure definition of discipline. All their movements were fluid and they didn't waste a second.

He turned to his Squad mates, what was left of them at least. "Alright Ash run over the objectives one last time."

A female ODS'T put down her modified BR55 and picked up a data pad. "Alright seems like our scanners and comms are being jammed we have order to disable it in any way possible. We also have been told that there are humans in the mix but they are not UNSC so they are fair game, if they attack us. Now it going to be hard with just the three of us, so Jordan you won't have a spotter this time. Also until we get the jammer down it'll be verbal communication only."

The other ODS'T stretched his arms over his head, his heavy armor made

surprisingly little sound. Ah don't you two worry we got a great team, even just us three. "I'm the tank, Ash is our rouge and you're our hunter."

Jordan put his palm to his face "Mike, why are you such a nerd?"

"Cause it's fun now if you don't mind I'm going to try and shove all this" He gestured to himself "into my pod." Mike walked out leaving Jordan and Ash to try and catch up.

Jordan could hear the Spartans following behind them. Guess they're getting dropped too. The short walk was filled with Ashley and Mike bickering over who'd get the highest kill count. He couldn't help but let out a sigh of relief. When they reached the HEV bay. The three wished each other good luck and split up heading to their respective drop pods.

Jordan slid the sling of his SRS99 over his head and pushed the large rifle into the magnetic hold, where it would be unable to move during the decent. He put his secondary, an M6J, into the other hold. He sat himself in between the two weapons onto the restraint chair that would magnetically attach to his body during the launch.

He closed his eyes and whispered a short prayer as the hatch closed with a hydraulic hiss. Over the radio Captain Cutter wished them good luck and told each one to come back safe. Then the count down screen started.

****Ten...****

Jordan slowly opened his eyes.

****Nine...****

He felt his body go ridged as the magnetics in the chair came to life.

****Eight...****

He lifted his arms and turned on the squad cameras, Ashley's MK II helmet filled one screen and Mike's MK III the other. Both still had their visors polarized hiding their faces.

****Seven...****

The HEV pod rotated 180 degrees.

****Six...****

A wall sealed off the walkway behind him and the one in front opened to reveal space.

****Two...****

The pod lowered as it was detached from the Spirit of Fires of hull.

****One...****

At the top of his cage five red squares flickered of one by one.
Beep *Beep* *Beep* *Beep* *BEEP*

Zero...

He grabbed onto the control sticks with both his hands as the thrusters engaged, he looked down seeing the brown and green of the moon below, as well as his friend HEV pods.

The bottom of the Pods hull started to flare up as they entered the atmosphere. "Alright guys, we are 15 clicks up, pop your chutes in three, two, one. NOW!" Jordan yelled over the com.

He watched as Mike and Ashley's pod rocketed past, straight up. His body jerked as the decrease of speed caused extreme G forces to rock his body. He looked down and saw he was going to land in a forest. He pushed both thrusters to the left and his pod angled itself toward a large clearing.

He let his body go limp as the pod crashed into the ground, throwing up debris and creating a large crater. A second later the explosive bolts went off and the hatch flew off, he reached down grabbing his carbine and exiting the pod in one motion. He brought the gun up just in time to see his hatch land on the ground. He activated his VISR, illuminating the world in an eerie green, a waypoint hovered over the other two pods, indicating the doors had failed to release them selves.

He turned around and grabbed his sniper, his team could get themselves out. While they did he got ready, he attached his carbine to his leg and moved up to a nearby ridge line. Going prone he set up the bipod surveyed the area through his scope. He stifled a curse, the drop was slightly off course because of his maneuvering.

He could see the jammer, but it was a click away and had four guards stationed outside patrolling the area. They were highlighted in yellow because of they weren't wearing any IFF tags his VISR recognized.

Jordan wasn't surprised they were human, but was quite interested in their gear. Their armor wasn't that different from his own, except the armor plate was silver and the body suit was blue. What really stuck out were the helmets, silver and blue, shaped like a cylinder but angular in the front it had a distinct T-shaped visor. He was so in grossed with the guards that he didn't hear Ash and Mike lay down beside him, he jumped a little when Ashley asked.

"So, what do we have?"

Jordan ignored the question and groaned "Ugh, what did I tell you about sneaking up on me?"

"Not to do it?" she asked innocently.

"Right... Anyway four bogeys, human, possible friendlies, VISRs not picking up any IFF tags."

"So then what's the plan? Do we engage?"

"I would prefer not to but... Wait I've got movement, five new

contacts, they look human but their armor is different and they're sneaking so I'm assuming they aren't buddies." Jordan hissed out in two short breaths.

"Alright I want you to go try and take out the jammer, the confusion will help you out just be careful. We don't know who were dealing with."

"Alright come on Ash, I got the charges." the two got up and snuck off following the ridge line.

Looking back through his scope Jordan got to see the white armored men sneak up and stab the guards in the throat. They then proceeded into the base. He looked up as a droning noise filled his ears what he saw made his jaw drop. A drop ship hovered over head, it looked human but he had never seen anything like it. As he watched it landed a three figure stepped out, all of them wearing the exotic armor but the centre figure also had a black cape.

They entered the outpost and a moment later the caped figure stepped back out his helmet off, revealing a very human face, he had blond hair and a multitude of scars crossed his face. The sound of a small explosion made it's way to Jordan's ears and then silence. He watched as a lone figure in white armor walked out and grimaced as he was cut apart by what appeared to be a black blade.

The caped man made a hand gesture and five more warriors exited the drop ship, the man then proceeded to enter the ship and take off. While he did that the squad seemed to take off in Jordan's direction. This worried him, so he checked Mikes and Ashley's progress.

His HUD told them they were only two hundred meters off. He cursed as the group jumped again clearing fifty meters in a matter of seconds. Damn it, their going to be on me fast. _I gotta take a shot._

He lined up a shot that would pierce the lead mans head and was about to pull the trigger when his peripheral vision caught movement. He switched his focus and saw what looked like a girl no older than nineteen running toward him at a blistering speed. He relaxed a bit knowing they weren't after him.

Jordan toggled the magnification of his scope to 10x to get a better view of the fleeing girl. What he saw surprised him the girl had orange skin and intend of hair some type of horns. She was an alien! His training took over as he drew a bead on the creatures head ready to assist his fellow humans.

But for some reason his finger would not depress enough to fire the shot. _What the hell! Why can't I shoot?_ He tried with all his might to pull the trigger but his body refused to obey. He watched as one of the humans spotted the fleeing alien and shot it with some sort of beam pistol, hitting it right in the leg.

The girl, alien, thing stumbled and fell with a cry of pain. She attempted to get back up and reached for a metal cylinder that hung on her belt. She started to bring it in front of her but it was kicked out of her hand by what looked like the squad leader, an identical item was also taken from her.

She tried to stand but got punched right in the face, causing her

head to whip back strange head tail things flowing behind he like hair. The leader picked her up by the back of the neck and threw her into a tree.

All the while Jordan's brain and finger waged stress induced war!
Just let me kill her. Listen to me finger pull back!

Why do you want her dead so bad?

It's an alien! Fucking covenant!

Oh really. When have you ever seen a covvy like that? When has a covvy soldier looked human?

It's been forty years! They could have gotten new recruits.

Or in the forty years humanity discovered friendly life.

Then why are these humans attacking her? Hmm.

Well they aren't UNSC. Who says they aren't Insurrectionists or fanatics? What if the humans are at fault?

As she fell onto her back another soldier drew a knife and ran it down the side of her robes.

At this sight Jordan's finger finally complied.

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Ashoka heard something crack as she collided with the tree. She felt blood trickle down from her mouth, she knew it was over, she had no energy left to call on the force or even to fight back.

She started to fall back, landing with a soft thump as her body hit the ground. She bit her lip in pain when she felt a knife run down the side of her robe leaving a shallow, yet painful cut. She stared at her attackers defiantly even though her robe was starting to fall off of her.

She stood up as best she could with her leg wound would allow, but just as she got up, she was punched back down. She looked up one last time, she had given up hope and accepted her death. She turned just in time to see the Mando leaders head explode in a shower of gore, most of which found it way onto her face.

Within seconds another had half his chest ripped out, revealing his internal organs. She watched as a third flopped forward, his leg no longer attached to his hip, she heard his scream it was blood curdling. She to prop herself up but was denied as a forth body fell onto of her, half of his head missing and brain matter leaking out.

She pushed it off just in time to see an oddly armored figure engage the last Death watch soldier in melee. Every punch the Mandalorian made was countered, this kept going until the mysterious man tried to dodge a feint and ran into a strong kick to the head. He started to pick him self up and charge the Mandalorian pulling his left arm back in an exaggerated manner.

His opponent fell for it and brought his arms up to protect his face, leaving him blind to the knife that pierced his stomach. He staggered back, trying to keep his intestines from pouring out of his body. Once again the stranger took advantage and shoved the blade in-between his helmet and chest plate. The Mandalorian fell choking on his own blood.

The stranger pulled out a pistol and silenced the still screaming amputee. Then he turned to Ashoka and started toward her. Ashoka tried to move or scream, anything to get away from the man approaching her. But her struggles only caused unconsuissness to great her.

Her last sight before the blackness took over was of a gauntleted hand reaching down to her.

****=] } { [=****

****AN:**** Merry Christmas every body! Sorry this took so long but you guys didn't review last chapter! Reviews are like food for an author, if you feed it, they become motivated and efficient! But starve them and they become lazy and uncooperative. Seriously guys I had five reviews for the first chapter but only one the second! WHAT GIVES!

The more you review the faster I pump out the chapters.

Now, since i forgot to last chapter, onto the review responses!

****CH1****

>HK-47 aka infamous: I'm all ears. Just don't say you have a suggestion then don't give it. It bugs me.

****shadow juubi overlord:**** Here you go!

****Douchiesnacks:**** Thanks I try.

****Anonymous:**** Do I get my cookie :D

****Albino87:**** heh you probably think you understand it but I doubt you could understand what my mind has come up with.

****CH2****

>Douchiesnacks: Thanks I aim to please.

ALSO A THANKS TO ****Owen Atticus ****FOR HIS HELP WITH THIS CHAPTER!

4. Revelations

Revelation

****A/N:**** I expect reviews after this.

****:-::-:-:****

****Unknown moon****

>Designation A-1

>256512/25 UNSC ST**

Jordan reached down to the alien female, who had passed out during the fight, and heaved her onto his shoulder. He walked over to a body and pulled out his combat knife and sheathed it onto his shoulder.

This knife was one of three positioned on Jordan's body. Every one of them he had forged himself in the Spirits armory. He took it up as a hobby to keep him sane, Sergeant Forge had recommended forging as a joke but Jordan found it took away immense amounts of stress and he soon excelled at creating just about everything. Mike had even suggested charging for custom work.

Jordan pushed those thoughts to the back off his head and focus on the situation at hand. _So let's see, I'm alone and have no way to contact my team, I think I may have a concussion from that round house and to top it all off, I'm carry an injured, possibly hostile alien on my shoulder. Great. I wonder how Ash and Mike are doing? Probably not in such a fucked up situation as me._

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"Fuck you I'm planting the bomb!" Mike yelled as he attached a demolition charge on what looked like something important.

"No! Are you that thick? There could be information in here about what the hells going on! And I might be able to hack the controls." Ash yelled stepping over a dead human in white armor.

"Bah! Takes to long and isn't as entertaining. If you'd like you can play with the computers till I finish up." Mike planted another bomb on the roof.

Ashley picked up a fallen silver helmet and tossed it at Mike. "Stop there could be valuable Intel here!"

"Well have fun finding it in less than a minute, bombs are armed and ticking. See ya babe." Mike turned from a third bomb and started to run.

"BABE! Oh you did not just call me that. Come back here so I can kick your balls so hard you'll taste em." Ash spat as she ran after Mike, who was not so much fleeing the imminent explosion as the very angry Ashley.

=][=

Jordan crested the hill and saw the jammer complex come into view and two very familiar people running out of the front door. When they were about ten feet away the base exploded into a large fire ball, the shock wave sent Mike and Ash flying and cause Jordan to fall on his ass, the alien groaned in pain as she landed roughly on his shoulder.

He grumbled a choice few curses as he got up and stumbled down the hill, which now was partly on fire.

=][=

Mike slipped out of consciousness for a few seconds as the shock wave smacked into his back. When came to he felt something pressing down on his chest, looking down he saw Ashley lying onto of him her helmet gone but other wise alright.

She started to also come around and looked up to see Mike, his visor unpolarized, with a shit ass grin on his face. "Enjoying your self?"

Ash was a bit confused until she saw what position she was in, her legs on either side of his waist "AH! Fuck you! You pull shit like that again I'll skin you alive!" Ashley bellowed her cheeks burning red.

"Hey you have to admit it was pretty fun." Mike started to get up as well and picked up Ashleys missing helmet that lay near them.

"You almost killed us asshole!" Mikes only response was to raise an eyebrow and tilt his head a bit. "Fine, it was a bit. Now give me my helmet!" she grabbed it from his hands and put I on.

Mike just shook his head and activated his comm link. "Hey, the jammers down where you at?"

Instead of getting a response he saw Ashley pointing behind him. He spun around to see Jordan carrying what looked to be a orange skinned girl. "Umm. What is that?" Ashley asked voicing Mikes own question.

"Our new informant. Here call for evac." he passed a large radio to Ash. Who promptly took it and activated it.

"UNSC Spirit of fire this is Spectre, Jammer is destroyed requesting evac and a medic we have wounded."

A voice crackled through the radio. "Spectre, this is the Spirit of Fire. Pelican transport in enroute to your location medic is onboard. Good job you guys saw the fire works from here."

Mike grinned "Told you it was more entertaining."

=][=

"Get that gurney set up now! We don't know whose hurt or how bad so as soon as they touch down rush them to the infirmary." Sergeant Forge yelled at the three medics struggling to prepare in the hanger. He was about to go do it himself when he saw something out in space, a pelican.

The pelican flew through the open hanger and touched down, the large doors closing behind it with a hiss. The medics and Forge waited until the hanger became pressurized, then they rushed in running right up to the dropping hatch.

What greeted him was not what they expected, at all. A female ODS walked down the ramp leading her two compatriots. But those two carried a girl in between them, but it wasn't a girl. It was an alien that much was evident by her orange skin tone and lack of hair, but what really threw them off was how human she looked. It was scary how close she resemble a human and it made the four hesitate.

Forge heard one of the medics behind him murmur "...The fuck, is that?"

The lead ODST coughed "Hello, we got wounded let's go." the medics jumped to work grabbing the unconscious alien and strapping her onto the gurney. They ran out leaving the three ODSTs and the confused sergeant in the room.

"Hey guys, go hit the showers I'll handle the debrief." Jordan said stepping up to Forge he took off his helmet, his squad leaving the hanger.

"Well Jordan, who was that?" Forge asked crossing his arms.

"That was someone I rescued thought she could be informative, considering our situation."

"Good thinking, but damn she looked human. I mean nothing else we've ever encountered has been so... So." Forge struggled to find the right thing to say.

"Like us?" Jordan offered to which John slowly nodded "I know what you mean, when I first saw her I thought she was human, if she had normal skin and hair it be a perfect match."

Forges comm beeped twice. "Well kid, looks like Cutter is looking for us let's head to the bridge you'll need a debrief, a proper one." they both left and headed toward the bridge.

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Pain.

That was all she felt, pain.

It was the one constant in her life now, from the sting of the cut on her side to the searing pain of her blaster wound, all she felt was pain.

But after a while her pain faded replaced with a dull throb. In her state she started to see images, strange ones, different every time. But in everyone the something happened, some one she cared about died, most of the time painfully.

She cringed in her sleep as Yoda was lifted into the air, impaled by a strange type of light-saber and woke with a start at the sight of Anakin burning alive.

Ashoka took in her surroundings quickly, she was in a white room with one door and a window beside it. She herself was robed in a white gown and had tube stuck into her skin, liquid dripping into her veins from a bag. She tried to get out of the bed she was in but stopped abruptly as a human rushed in and pushed her back down.

She was too weak to stop her and lay back. She choked out "W-Where am I?"

The human jumped back slightly startled. "You speak English?"

"English? No I'm speaking basic. Where am I?" she asked again.

"Your in a hospital. You were pretty banged up when Reaper found you." she said, her hand over a large metal pistol.

"Who are you?" the togrutan asked trying to get information.

"My names Ellen Anders. Now wait here I'm going to get the captain."

=][=

The bridge was alive with activity people were bustling around going from monitor to monitor, trying to get a clear picture of their situation. And Cutter was in the middle of it, barking orders and reviewing scans.

He turned as the door opened, revealing sergeant Forge and a helmeted ODS. Cutter walked over to the two who saluted toward him, he returned it and spoke to the ODS "I'd like to see the face of the people I talk to."

The ODS took off his helmet "Sorry sir, old habits."

"It's alright son, now how did the mission go? And what is this about a xeno you brought aboard?"

"The mission went smoothly sir. The jammer was destroyed utterly and we managed to secure a possible source of information." Jordan replied.

"Alright now why was 'she' unconscious and is 'she' hostile?" Cutter asked.

"As far as I can tell no she isn't but she out cause she was attacked on the moon by figures in silver."

"What happen to them?" Cutter asked a slight edge to his voice.

"KIA, sir. Is that a problem?"

"No son, we deployed the Spartans planet side for some recon. Turns out the ones in silver and blue are the aggressors. And as far as I we can tell utterly ruthless. They slaughtered everyone they met except the Spartans."

Suddenly Anders burst into the bridge yelling "Captain!" she rushed over to them and put her hands on her knees trying to catch her breath.

"What happened? You see the new AI?" John teased.

"New AI... What no! Captain the aliens awake! And she knows English! Come on."

Sorry, but the situation on the bridge is more important." Anders balked at being refused point blank. "However, you can take Sergeant Forge and Sergeant Forge with you, one of them saved her anyway."

If it could Ellens jaw would have hit the floor. She turned to John and asked in shock. "There are more of you?"

"Ellen, I'd like you to meet my cousin Jordan Forge." Johns had a smart ass grin on it.

"Oh God help me."

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A/N: Hey guys sorry this took so long and is so short but it's the holiday season and life sucked me away from doing anything major for this. Next one will be longer promise. On to the reviews.

Ch 1:

(Blank): Who said I killed Keyes. Hint hint.

biganime40: Your welcome glad it's so refreshing.

Ch 2:

(Blank): Ya but that really minor they died anyway.
:p

Biganime40: I'm actually really looking forward to the tech comparisons. As for language I think it may be answered in this chapter. As for you being into togrutans I didn't need to know that, but there's a strong possibility that, that side of you will be sated in later chapters.

Ch 3:

biganime40: glad you like my choices on what the OCs look like don't really know if I'm set on Jordans may change it in the future.

Death: Will do bud!

Saboteur: oh this'll mostly be following the OC ODSTs with a sprinkling of canon characters for flavor. And don't worry this isn't dieing any time soon.

Justin p: well in that case I ask you again to review. As for the gore that comes from three and a half years of reading Dan Abnett, the greatest sci-fi writer ever. Expect more.

5. Contact I

Contact

OMG did I give you guys a half assed chapter or what? Here let me make it up to you with a long chapter full of story stuff and possibly other story stuff. And killing I promise at least one death in this chapter.

(There is two or three POVs throughout this chapter but the changes are far enough between to prevent confusion, I

hope)

:-::-:

****Spirit of Fire****

>Locked down Medical bay

>256512/25**

Ashoka was up and about. It had been over half an hour since that Anders woman had barged in and told her to stay put. She did but after twenty or so minutes she found that she had enough strength to get up and explore the room she was in.

The room was a large one, but it was on the plain side. It was furnished with twenty beds, ten against each wall, and a small table next to each one. The walls were a dull grey with one door in-between the rows of beds. On the opposite wall was a large symbol of a predatory bird with it's wings spread open.

UNSC Spirit of Fire, Phoenix class? I've never heard of that class of ship before or the UNSC. And I wonder what Exitus Acta Probat means.

She moved down the row toward the door, upon reaching it she saw a panel next to it. On that it had a message written in the High Galactic Alphabet.

-::ATTENTION::-

>-::LOCKDOWN IN PROGRESS::-

>-::UNKOWN SPECIES QUARANTINED::-

Unknown? How could these people not know what I am? Togrutans are in every database in the galaxy. This isn't right, and am started to get weirded out. Where are you skyguy?

She attempted to force the door to open with the force but it wouldn't budge. The togrutan gave up and walked back to her bed and looked in the table that sat next to it. Inside the drawer was her robe, which had been mended, and a large book. She took it out and read the large guilded letters on it. _The Holy Roman Catholic Bible._

She flipped through it but the letter where quite small and trying to focus on them made her head start to pound. She set it down and looked around the room for cameras she didn't find any so she let the white gown she was wearing hit the floor. She stepped out of it and stood in the room naked she started to put the pieces of her robe on but was only able to get her tights on when the door opened with a swoosh.

(pic of how Ashoka will look should be up by the time your reading this)

She 'forced' her bed sheet to wrap a portion of itself around her breasts, just in time, as a man in full armor walked in. On instinct she used the Force to push the man into the wall and hold him there about a foot off the ground. He tried to struggle as he pushed himself forward, but to no avail.

She grabbed a pen that was near her and started to charge the man, fully intending on killing him. She almost succeeded. Before she reached him another man tackled her to the ground and she felt cold metal press against her forehead.

The man above her started to talk. "Ya feel that? You know what that is. Now let him go."

She released her grasp on the force and could hear metal contacting metal as the other man crashed to the ground gasping for breath. She could hear that lady Anders asking if he was okay but couldn't make anything out.

"Alright time to get up, nice and slow."

The man pulled her up but kept the gun trained on her head the whole time. When they where up she recognized her mistake. The man on the ground wasn't wearing Mandalorian armor, but the similarities were there, he was slowly pulling himself up using Anders help.

"What the fuck was that?" The man choked.

"Heh, sorry you look like Death Watch." Ashoka said slightly embarrassed.

"Okay ignoring the fact that your speaking English, how the hell did you send Jordan into the wall without touching him?" the man who tackled her said.

She stared at the gun that was pointed at her head "The Force , duh."

"What is the Force? Some kind of telekinetics?" Anders asked after she took off Jordan's helmet and checked his pulse.

"Ya. Haven't you ever heard of it, every Jedi can use it."

"What's a Jedi?" Jordan asked now fully recovered and sitting on a bed.

The togrutan tried to stifle a laugh but fail, between laughs she managed to blurt out "Your kidding right, everyone knows who the..." her voice started to peter out. "Wait you guys are serious."

"Yes we've been drifting in space for forty years. We have no idea where we are, what you are or how to contact the UNSC." Anders stated simply.

"Well a Jedi is a guardian of peace and justice, raised from a young age to use the Force and protect the innocent. Because of the war we've taken to leading troops in battle.

After a pause she continued "Where are you guys from? I mean you haven't heard of the Jedi which have been around for thousands of years and I've never heard of the UNSC before, is that a mercenary organization?"

"Not a chance, we are part of the United Nation Space Command, we protect over 800 human colonies in the Orion arm of the galaxy." the bald man said. "But where are we?"

"Well I don't know where the Orion arm is but I assume it's in the unknown regions of the galaxy. As for where you are, your in the Mando system. But you chose a bad time to come, a terrorist group known as death watch is attempting to over throw the government here."

"I assume they were the silver and blue guys I had to kill to save you?" Jordan said rubbing his temples.

"That was you?" Jordan just nodded "Oh by the force, I'm so sorry, I over reacted I thought you were... Thanks." She felt blood rush to her cheeks.

"There you go with the force again, can you explain what it's is?" Anders asked.

"The force is an energy field created by all living things, that surrounds and penetrates living beings and binds the galaxy together. Us Jedi can manipulate it to our will to move objects without touching them."

"Amazing, could you perhaps do a small demonstration?"

Ashokas only response was to close her eyes and raise one hand. Suddenly Jordans helmet floated toward her and stopped in mid air and slowly turned on it's axis.

"Wow, I'm picking up a really strange reading surrounding the helmet." a new voice said. Ashoka opened her eyes and the helmet softly fell to the ground. Standing there was a life sized holographic woman in jeans and a teeshirt. Anders was glaring at her for some reason.

"Hello Serenity, what do you need?" Jordan asked.

"Yes right to business, we've detected four unknown ships on the far side of the planet. Sadly we can't get confirmation on their intentions nor can we obtain any signs of life aboard. Captain cutter would like you to escort this young lady to the bridge to see if we can obtain a positive ID."

"Alright we'll be right there." Forge walked to the door and turned to face the other three "Come on don't want to keep the captain waiting."

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The four walked onto the bridge, which was dead silent, every single head looking at the large display screen which showed four large ships on the dark side of the planet. They were massive each over half a kilometer long and ultratarian in design and had turrets visible all along the sides. Obviously military ships.

"Those are separatist ships!" Ashoka practically yelled, Jordan winced inwardly as the entirety of the crew shifted it's gaze on Ashoka. Many were filled with hate.

"Really and who are they?" an old man in his fifties or sixties, James Cutter, asked turning around himself. Before Ashoka could reply

he barked at the crew "Get back to work! Keep trying to find any signs of life on those ships." the crew all turned back to their stations, but more than a few shot hateful glances at the Jedi.

"You won't find any. All Separatist ships are manned by droids, rarely any organics are present."

"Droids? As in robots?" Ashoka nodded "Well who are these separatists, good or bad?"

"Bad definitely bad, they're a bunch of governments and mega corporations who broke away from the republic because they wanted to avoid taxes, eventually tensions reached a critical point and war broke out. Now they're trying to over throw the republic and take over themselves. Oh and they're led by Sith, the polar opposites of Jedi, who are bent on galactic domination."

"That may be but as it is we can't attack them. We are already in a war we don't want to start a new one. Even if we weren't I wouldn't as it would be very foolish to start a war because a 16 year old-

"Captain! Two ships just appeared out of no where!" an ensign yelled.

"What? Was there any slipspace rupture?" he said moving his way to the station and leaning on the chair.

"None. Not even a bit of radiation." the ensign muttered.

"Bring them on screen." Cutter ordered.

There on the main display screen showed two ships very familiar to Ashoka.

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(POV Change)

Sev'rance Tann was having a good day. The invasion was going perfectly, Madalore was falling and she had sent the Jedi running with their tails tucked between their legs.

The best part was that Dooku had given her this fleet, she had complete control over four ships to do as she pleased. The only catch was that she had to take Mandalore, it was almost too easy.

Sev'rance sat on her command chair on the Lucid Voice, a Providence-class Destroyer, and just watched death watch sweep across Sundari supported by her droids.

She got up and moved to a nearby droid "How long until we take the city?"

"Estimated five hours, most of our force is stuck by an enemy bunker, they can't get by. Should we help?"

"Fine, bombard the-" Tann started to order but was cut off by the wail of another droid.

"Two ships just came out of hyperspace. There republic ships, the Resolute and the Ironclad."

Sev'rance Tann jumped back to her command chair and started to formulate a battle plan. She activated her holo-set and the droid commanders for the Matriarch, the Absolve and the Damnation appeared. "Commanders two Jedi cruisers just jumped in system, I want the Absolve and Damnation to take the Ironclad but you are to fall back if the Matriarch starts taking fire, if we lose it we lose control of the droids on the planet. I will take the Resolute myself."

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(POV Change)

"That's the Ironclad and Resolute!"

Ashoka's exclamation caused the Captain to stop what he was doing. "Do you know those ships?"

"Yes, they're Republic cruisers, they're here to stop the invasion but if they don't know the Separatist ships are here they'll get ripped apart. Please we have to warn them." Ashoka was begging now, she knew both ships belonged to her good friends and mentors, Anakin and Obi wan, and she didn't want to lose them.

"We can't, we don't want to start a galactic incident. Even just warning them could start a new war. Without any solid evidence of the situation we're stuck watching. I'm sorry." The response cut Ashoka deep, without these peoples help Anakin and Obi-wan were most likely going to die. She had to keep trying to convince Captain Cutter to help.

"You've been drifting for forty years right? That's means you lost your FTL capabilities and are stranded. If you help them, the Republic would be happy to give you repairs and resupply you with food, water, medical gear and it could even lead to an alliance and trading between our factions. Just at least try to contact them." Ashoka tried to make herself sound very convincing and thought she did a very good job.

Cutter finally relented "Fine, Mira attempt to contact those two vessels, alert me when contact is made. Serina launch some drones so we can get a clear view of what happens."

Serina's hologram appeared "Drones away, putting it on the big screen now."

The picture changed to a higher quality image of the two ships, (Watch a YouTube video on 360p then watch it in 1080p, like that) they were slowly making their way toward the planet. Large doors started to open and disgorge transports when all hell broke loose.

The two smaller Separatist frigates moved to engage the one on the left, they crossed thousands of kilometers in minutes, when they were within two kilometers their large guns opened up. Twin beams of energy lanced from each ship simultaneously striking the prow of the Ironclad. They dissipated a moment later leaving a blue shimmer

across the surface of the ship.

"They're shielded!" Anders muttered in slight amazement.

The two frigates came full speed trying to get past the Venator before it could return fire. It was a sound maneuver that would have worked on an inexperienced captain, but all captains of Jedi cruisers had to be top notch.

Instead of flying by unscathed one of the frigates took all eight Dual heavy turbolaser turrets to the belly, the shields managed to hold for a tenth of a second before fracturing. The lasers conducted so much heat that they melted their way through the hull. Four of the eight manage to hit critical systems such as the life support, engines and bridge all of which would have been enough to render the frigate as a floating hulk but the fourth laser bisected one of the two reactors causing the ship to explode. The hull was ripped in half by the extreme forces, debris was thrown in all directions alot of it hitting the Ironclads shield, which was right below it.

The Damnation however was able to get by leaving it's sister ship to burn as the quickly dissipating oxygen fed the flames. It slowly turned around and positioned itself so that the top of the hull faced the now turning Venator. Once in position it fired all of it topside guns, 18 individual turbo lasers fired in sequence. The first ten were absorbed by the shields but the last eight managed to get through and hit the hull, of those only one penetrated the res glancing off or causing superficial damage.

Now fully turned about Kenobi's cruiser launcher a full payload of high yield photon torpedoes, the four streaking across space at a blistering speed. The Damnation seemed to panic and fired all of there counter measures, one was plucked from space and detonated filling the empty void with a large explosion that looked like a nebula expanding. The other three soared undisrupted impacting their intended target reducing the ship to floating scrap in possibly the most beautiful explosion ever witnessed by the UNSC Personel.

While this happened the Resolute wasn't left alone, it had it's own problems to deal with. One of the main reasons the Venators would be replaced in the coming years was because ton open the hanger you had to disable you shields, so when The Lucid Voice launched over a hundred photon torpedoes the Star Destroyer stood little chance.

In response 52 point defense lasers opened up, each trying to hit a very small target from thousand of miles away. The Resolute had only one thing going for her, in her quest for absolute firepower Sev'rance Tann had to shrink the class of her torpedoes and give up their shielding. As such the clone gunners where able to pick off close to sixty torpedoes, not nearly enough but it saved them from utter destruction. The last fifty or so anti-ship torpedoes impacted across the heavily armored hull and more than a few entered the hanger, where no armor plating was found, and quite literally tore the resolute a new one. The explosion was so immense that it tore through eight decks and blew out the under side of the ship.

"NO! By the goddess no! Please you have to help them!" Ashoka was begging now, she had lost all thought off reason, her friends were on there Anakin, Rex, Yuleran and all of Torrent Company. But Cutter just stood like a stone statue.

For a sense of scale the explosion could be seen by the UNSC Personnel 15,000 kilometers away. Now struggling the star destroyer pumped it's entire reactor output into it's remaining turbo lasers. The three fired in unison trying in vain to damage the Separatist ship, all the energy absorbed by it's shields.

"PLEASE! Every single soul on that ship is human!" Ashoka yelled. James Cutters stoney retires started to crack, he had sworn an oath to protect humankind and as far as he could tell the aggressors were aliens supporting terrorists. It was almost comparable to the Covenant, almost.

With a heavy sigh he finally relented. "Serina, what is the charge on the MAC?"

"Really sir, aiding an unknown faction on the word of a 17 year old alien. Not one of your worst plans, considering you flew us through a-" the AI started to become sarcastic.

James snapped, this was a high risk move and a very stressful choice he didn't need his possibly rampant AI snapping back at him "Serina, God Dammit! This is not the time, anything else for the next week and I'll have Anders dismantle you! Now what is that charge level?"

"All four Mac barrels are at 100%."

"Good. Double load barrels one and two and fire one and three at the attacking ship the other two aim at the vessel remaining in the back. Then transfer the fire controls to me."

Serina started to protest "Sir, with all due respect I can better time the shot than-"

"Serina if I am about to plunge my crew into the middle of a war I will be the one to take full responsibility, this is how I do that."

Slowly for the first time in forty years the Spirit of Fires Main engines came to life.

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(POV Change)

Sev'rance was in ecstasy.

That was the only word that came close to describing the amount of joy she was in right now. She was mere moments from destroying not only the infamous Resolute, but Anakin Skywalker as well and Obi-wan was next.

All though she had no proof of them being on their flagships she could feel their force presence and it was all she needed. She leaned forward in her command chair, a very large grin spread on her face, and opened the main view ports on the bridge. She wanted to see her victory with her own eyes not through cameras.

She almost yelled in joy when her torpedoes ripped through the Republic ship as if it wasn't armored at all. Instead she lay back in

her chair and laughed, her laugh would be very appealing to the opposite gender if it didn't contain a noticeable amount of hate and corruption. As the sound carried throughout the bridge a few Druids looked back at her in what could only be classified as discomfort, which was preposterous as they were droids.

She would have kept going if not for a droids interruption. "Um ma'am, scanners have something new."

She instantly stopped laughing and fixed her gaze on the droid slightly enraged that a mere droid would dare interrupt her pleasure, her voice reflected this. "What?"

If the droid had been organic it would have quaked under her solid red gaze, but it was effected in a way. "Well... Um... You know that hulk that was in the orbit of the planet? Yeaaaa, it's not so much of a hulk as it is a really big ship, that happens to be turning to face us."

The droid wasn't able to even make a noise of alarm as it was crumpled into the size of a huttball by the force. Tann lowered her arm and walked toward the door. Something in the force was not right and she didn't intend to stay to figure out what it was. One of the other droids noticed her leaving and asked her a very obvious question.

"Where are you going?" it's voice a mixture of confusion and curiosity.

"To the escape pod, when it launches I want you to launch all the others empty to cover my retreat." she stepped through the door way.

"What about us?" it sounded as if it was pleading. Sev'rance took a moment to think about that.

Just before the door snapped shut she gave an answer "What about you?"

She entered the pod hit the launch button. She felt the massive acceleration in the direction of the Matriarch, all around her empty escape pods were floating in the sky. Not even ten seconds after jumping ship her ship was transformed into a flower, blossoming into a deadly fire ball of rapidly expanding oxygen and debris.

She let out a sigh of relief as the force settled itself and check her air supply. Only 12 hours. There was only one system that held any chance of recovery with a safe travel time. The abandoned Sith birth place...

...Korriban

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(POV Change)

>(Last one I promise)

"Firing." The words fell out of his mouth like a hammer hitting a nail, a nail to what who knew possibly all their coffins. But as he said that word he jammed his thumb down on the small button. An

instant latter the whole bridge shook as two 600-ton Tungsten Steel Sabot sailed under their feet at 300,000 Meters per second.

In the span of half a heart beat the rounds hit the shield. The Providence-Class had been upgraded with heavy thermal shielding, which was able to withstand repeated bombardment from multiple Venators. But it was designed to stop laser rounds and photon munitions, not a 600-ton solid slug, so when the two MAC rounds hit the shield they completely shattered. The super structure was ripped apart and the ship bent at a forty five degree angle. The final blow was dealt, when not even a second later, a third MAC round pierced through the engines starting a chain reaction that blew apart the ship in a nuclear fireball.

Ashokas jaw hung low "By the force, that is the most horrific thing I have ever witnessed." she muttered under her breath but Jordan caught it.

"Hey don't say that yet, there's still one ship left."

He was right for as the two shared the very brief conversation the massive ship had repositioned for the next volley. Once again Cutter said the word "Firing!" and the sabots sped forth.

The first hit the central sphere, pushing the whole structure inward and bursting out the other side, the second replicated the shot and hit lower on the sphere shearing off the bottom portion. The two shots left massive craters around their entry zones, at-least deep enough to crush a quarter of the interior. The last sabot clipped the right 'wing' causing it to violently separate leaving it floating a few hundred yards away.

Moments before being hit the matriarch tried to hide itself by shutting off all their systems. This saved them from utter annihilation as nothing could go critical and explode. But now the droids on board were doomed to drift in the Mandolorian orbit until they succumbed to reentry or a lack of power.

Adkins was still standing in amazement and slight fear but it was quickly repressed as she look at Jordan "What was that?"

Jordan looked down at the Jedi "That was our main weapon, the MAC cannon. As far as I can understand it fires a 500-ton tungsten steel round at incredible speed."

"It's 600 not 500." Anders corrected without turning around.

Serenity's avatar appeared on a holopad "Captain all hostiles eliminated."

"Good get medics down to the pelicans we're going to try and get as many people off that tub as possible. Sergeant Forge," he turned around to face the four watching in the back, just as John Forge stepped forward. "Not you, the other Forge, you will be taking this young lady with the teams. If anything will convince them we aren't hostile it'll be her."

"Yes sir, common we better hurry."

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The two ran down the halls passing marines and engineers, some of who tossed both insults and jeers toward Ashoka. She ignored it while she ran but stopped when she noticed Jordan wasn't with her anymore. She skidded to a stop and looked back, and there he was talking to a guy and a girl armored similarly to him.

She walked over to them "Mike, Ash common we got a rescue mission."

Mike agreed right away but Ashley noticed Ashoka walking up behind Jordan. "What is that thing doing here?"

Jordan turned around and saw Ashoka approaching. "Oh she's coming along, the people we're getting are her allies."

"Oh if that's the case, fuck that I don't work with fucking aliens!" Before anyone could say anything she walked off.

"What was that about?" Ashoka asked confused.

"She's had a lot of problems with aliens, all of us have. Now let's go." Jordan said grimly.

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A/N: Ah god damn that's a long chapter and I mention for it to be longer but it just ran on so I'm going to split 'Contact' into two parts. I'll give you the grisly death bits in the next part. NOW what the fuck happened with the reviews! I know last chapter was half assed and not the well done but only one review! That hurts right here *points to heart* right here.

Review response:

Betimusmax: I took your review to heart this chapter switches between only two POV and I labeled when such things happen to further alleviate confusion. And thanks for the review.

6. Contact II

Contact II

Ashoka approached a large transport that Jordan had called a pelican and climbed in, Mike and Jordan right behind her. Inside was three marines a medic and an engineer. At the sight of her one of the marines sat straight up and aimed his MA3 Assault rifle at her.

>(The MA3 is the precursor to the MA5 series and looks like the assault rifle from Reach but the ammo counter is replaced by a tac rail)

"Private what the fuck are you doing!" Mike yelled.

The marine faltered slightly at the sight of the ODST but didn't lower his weapon. "What in God's name is this... creature doing here? It should be dead! It'll kill us all!"

The others had all risen to their feet, one other raising her rifle toward Ashoka, the others hesitantly raising theirs at their comrades. The alien was obviously with the ODS'Ts and angering an ODS'T could be suicidal, but on the other hand all of them had lost someone to alien genocide.

"She is not hostile! Now stand down or face insubordination charges and confinement!" Jordan barked stepping forward.

"No can do Sarge this bitch will kill us first chance it gets. I'm going to protect us all even if you don't see it. Now can you please move I don't want to hit you." The private said his resolve unwavered.

This situation is about to get out of hand fast and I needed to do something fast. I got about another half minute till shit hits the fan, as long as no one provokes this guy.

Of course lady luck heard his thoughts and withdrew her favor as Ashoka piped up. "What the kriff did you call me, Void-Brain?"

"Oh that was so the wrong think to say Bitch!." As the privates trigger finger started to depress the world seemed to slow for Jordan. He was entering the state of being his cousin called 'fight-time.'

Fight-Time is caused by the first moments of an adrenaline rush and as it coursed through out the body the person would gain a temporary burst of strength, speed and reflexes, so much so that the world seemed to slow. Jordan put this advantage to good use.

(^No joke this is real^)

Jordan lunged at the first marine, hitting him just as his his finger fully depressed, a short burst of rounds flew passed Jordans exposed head and buried themselves into the cabin of the pelican. The sound of the MA3 going off right next to his unprotected ear should have stunned him for a short period but to Jordan it was just a hollow echo, fight-time compensating for the extreme decibels.

Jordan launched a punch at the marines face knocking him out cold. He stood up to see the other marine suspended off the ground by a few inches, with mikes gun pointed at her face.

"You two," Jordan pointed toward the two marines that had tried to help "take these low lifes to the brig, we'll handle the escort duty."

"Yes sir!" they both snapped at the same time. The first insubordanit was hauled off blood leaking through his badavaca the second was lead at gun point by her former comrade.

Jordan turned around and put a hand on Ashokas shoulder "You okay?"

She just nodded, feeling her cheeks heat up slightly. That's twice now he's saved my life.

The engineer reentered the pelican and asked "We ready to go?"

"Ya, everyone take your seats it's go time!" The medic and engineer sat as close to the cockpit as possible still uncomfortable with the togrutans presence while Mike sat across from Jordan and Ashoka, who were sitting next to each other.

They felt the pelican jerk as it lifted off and entered the void hurtling with twenty others toward the stricken republic cruiser. The cabin was filled with silence, but was shortly broken by the pilot. "Alright boys, I've found an entry point. ETA 10 minutes."

The cabin resumed it's awkward silence the two marines throwing the occasional glance or glare at Ashoka. Eventually she got fed up with it and spoke up. "Okay what was that all about? I mean I've never met a bigger group of xenophobes in my entire life!"

Mike sighed behind his polarized helmet and activated his private com link to Jordan. "You handle this, you decided to bring her aboard."

Jordan took off his helmet and looked Ashoka in the eye. She couldn't help but notice he was quite handsome. "Remember how I told you we all have had bad experiences with aliens?" She nodded remembering the girl taking off at the sight of her. "That's because a decade ago we made contact with our first Non-humans. They turned out to be part of a coalition of religiously fanatic species. That coalition has for ten years waged genocide against our species. I stopped calling it a war along time ago because we can only hope to stall them before they glass each planet we've colonized. Not a single person you meet will have not lost someone to those bastards." his voice became venomous as he explained to the point he finally spat out the last word.

"Oh." Ashoka just look at the ground, she started to understand why everyone looked at her as if she was a monster not to be touched with a ten foot pole. The only three people who didn't give her such a look were Anders, Mike and Jordan.

The rest of the trip was once again spent in silence but Jordan and Mike stood up as a green light turned on in the cabin. The ramp lowered and Mike and Jordan filtered out leaving the other three inside while the did a sweep with their MA3s.

Jordan took in the space around them quickly they were in what appeared to be a hanger that ran from end to end a large hole was about 55 meters away.

"Clear!" Mike shouted and the other three filtered out, Mike moved to Ashoka and spoke to her "Alright Missy, you know the way so you'll take point. If anyone sees you they're alot less likely to shoot you than me."

Ashoka shrugged "Fair enough. We'll have to make our way to the bridge to get the admiral and the commander." she walked over to a door and tried to open it put it was bent in a way that it was inoperable.

"Hey, move let the engineer through." The man walked up to the door and ignited a plasma torch and quickly cut open enough of a hatch to duck through. The group filter in Ashoka first followed by Jordan, Mike, the engineer and lastly the medic.

They walked down the a long hall way passing several people in white armor though they didn't stop for any of them, they didn't because it was obvious they were very much dead, most had gaping holes in there chests or missing limbs. Blood covered most of the corridor causing Ashoka's face to set into a permanent grimace.

The medic suddenly stopped and put a finger under the neck of a, surprisingly intact, body. "Wait! This ones alive!"

The group stopped as the medic took off the mans helmet, revealing a human who had blood dripping from his nose, mouth and side of the head.

"No! Rex!" Ashoka yelled as she saw his distinct blond hair.

Jordan grabbed her stopping her from getting to his side. "Let the medic work." He ordered as he let her go. "Do you know him?"

Ashoka nodded "Ya his name is Captain Rex, of torrent company. He's a real good friend."

"Then be happy he's alive. Now let's go we're getting farther away from the blast zone so there's going to be more survivors. Mike stay here with the medic and evac the captain asap."

Mike nodded and bent down next to the unconscious soldier. "No problem."

With that Ashoka, Jordan and the engineer ran off.

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>(POV Change)

The hooded man move through the crowd swinging left and right, each blow felling a Jedi. No one could land a hit on the man but the Jedi threw theirselves at him anyway, hoping to give the younglings a chance to survive.

It was in vain as the final knight charged, double lightsaber extended ready to lop of the evil doers head in one stroke. But the blow never landed as the young Jedi felt a blade pass through his throat and rip out one side of his neck, leaving his head to hang by a flap of skin.

As the body fell the man turned to reveal his eyes. Eyes that would burn worlds, that would see millions die in a quest for power.

Eyes that burned with so much hate they were stained yellow.

His eyes.

Anakin groaned as he felt consciousness return to him, thankful that he had been freed from his horrible vision. But his thankfulness soon fled him as he saw his situation.

The bridge was awash in a red glow, most of the crew was dead or unconscious. They were the lucky ones, the conscious ones were screaming in pain as they held various cuts, burns and broken bones,

all of which were major. He watched as one crew member drew his service blaster and put a bolt through an ensign's head. The ensign fell limp his torso ripped open where a piece of the deck stuck up and impaled him.

Anakin slowly got up and turned around looking for the admiral. He found him unconscious on the floor, but very much alive. He once again faced the carnage that was one his bridge and did a quick head count, sixteen dead or past saving and seven including himself alive.

He sighed as he walked over to the communications booth and move a burnt body from the console seat. Sitting down him self he looked at the screens only to find they had shattered and were useless now.

He ran his hand through his hair still trying to eliminate the ringing from his ears. He sat there for a moment trying to formulate some plan to save his remaining men. He finally got up, and moved his way to the large blast doors that had shut when the ship got hit. He drew his light saber to cut through but before he could two green ones pierced it from the other side.

A few moments passed until whoever was on the other side cut through the three feet of plating that made up the door. Slowly the piece was pulled back leaving a four by three foot hole. And, much to his surprise, Ashoka stepped in trailed by six clones, most of whom were supporting each other, and two strangely armored men.

Ashoka's jaw dropped when she saw him "Master! Your hurt!"

Looking down Anakin noticed for the first time a large piece of metal extending from his chest. He looked up just to see his vision start to swim and black out.

=][=
>(POV Change)

The bridge was deathly quiet on all the monitors, the helmet cams of the squad leaders were playing. The largest being the cam of Jordan Forge, who was leading a trail of survivor back to the pelican. Three stretchers were in amongst the group.

It was tense to say the least, if anyone got jumpy be it UNSC or survivor, they would have not one but two wars to contend with.

An ensign suddenly jumped up "Captain, sir! The other republic cruiser is launching rescue ships!"

Cutter ran to his station to see ten blue blips moving toward the hulk. He turned to the comm officer. "Have we made contact yet?"

The officer stopped typing and looked up. "No I've tried all the major signals and am now on a broadband broadcast. I don't even know if the ships have compatible comm systems or if theirs is damaged."

"Well keep trying." he turned to a holopad and Serenity appeared in existence. "Extract the Spartans. And give me an ETA for the rescue teams."

"Twelve pelicans are ready to come back, the other eight teams are moving toward their extract vehicles as we speak. They will all arrive within the next twenty minutes. Shall I assemble the medical teams in the hanger?"

"Yes and tell them to double time it, and get Anders down there too. Alenko, you have the bridge." Cutter started to move toward the door and walk the the hanger but stopped he switched directions. He passed running medics and marines and moved down to the observation deck.

"Anders!" He called out as he stepped into the observation deck, now turned science lab. He stepped over cords and boxes as he made his way toward the civilian scientist. She was working on what appeared to be a piece of metal from the shield world.

"What is that?" Cutters voice made Ellen jump.

"Jesus! Don't sneak up o- oh sorry captain, what do you need?" She said as she lay down the weapon and swiveled her chair to face James.

"Well I was going to get you to come to the hanger, but now I demand to know what that is." he pointed to the piece of metal.

"This? This is a piece of technology I was able to recover from the shield world. It appears to be a pistol of some kind but I can't get it to power up. Now why do you want me in the hanger?"

James crossed his arms. "Our rescue teams are getting back from the republic ship and some of the survivors may have some tech on them we could use."

"Why didn't you say so! Let me just grab a few things and we'll head right over."

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>(POV Change)

"So who are you guys? I've never seen armor like that before."

Jordan turned to face the white armored man, who was sitting across from him. For some reason all the survivors except the bridge crew and the captain had kept their helmets on. "We're the UNSC. We saw you guys getting your ass beat and decided to step in."

The ODSST studied the mans gear while talking. His armor was more ornate than the other troopers, with blue and grey paint along his limbs and helmet. He also had what appeared to be a battle skirt and extra shoulder and chest armor. It was obvious he was an elite trooper.

"But what about your guns? I mean they don't look like any blasters I've ever seen"

"That's cause they ain't blasters they're ballistic weapons." as emphasis Jordan pulled the charging handle ejecting a 7.62x51mm round, and tossed it to the soldier who caught it deftly.

"Slug throwers? You gotta be kidding me, these are so old it's not even funny."

"Hey, you'd be surprised how effective they are. Especially when the targets armor has been maximized to stop energy not bullets. You can keep that, by the way."

"Fair enough, what's your name any way? You saved us but I haven't even asked."

"Names Jordan, you?" the ODSIT extended his hand which was taken by the troopers.

"You can call me Fives."

"Fives? Sound good. Buts why haven't you guys taken off you buckets? All of you haven't removed em once."

"Habits we don't exactly know were we're going and want to be prepared. No offense to you we just like to be cautious."

The ship rocked silently as it touched down. A green light above them flickered to life and the ramp descended revealing the hanger filled with wounded being off loaded to medic station.

"Well we're here help me with this guy he's in critical condition."

"Alright."

=][=

A/N: Ahhh done. I feel so happy :D but once again this chapter isn't done the next part will be uploaded soon.

Now it's your turn you must feed the author the food he is required to maintain a high standard of writing. The main course should be reviews with sprinkled favorite story, and for desert you could give him story and author alerts!

7. Contact III

Contact III

A/N: My rage levels almost hit max while trying to write for Kenobi. I've red on this a total of 12 times! Jesus this is why I stick to OCs.

The clone was running.

He had just received a report that was most unsettling and he needed to deliver it to his commander fast. So when he arrived at the bridge the first thing he did was run up to his superior.

"General! Our rescue teams have arrived but most of the crew has disappeared. I can't explain it."

The Jedi turned to face the clone, whose armor was highlighted with orange stripes. The Jedi put his hand to his beard and paused in

thought.

"Admiral, run a scan of the area see if our mystery friend has launched any ships. By the way have we been able to make contact yet?"

A man in a grey uniform looked up from a holodisplay. "No. I've been broadcasting on all channels since they took out the Separatist command ship."

"Keep trying I want to know who th-"

Commander Cody suddenly interrupted "General Obi wan, three ships just docked with our mystery ship! Republic IFFs are on board, they have our troops!"

Obi-wan moved to the scanners holodeck at a brisk pace, arriving just in time to see a dropship wink out of existence. Before it disappeared he definitely saw three IFFs onboard, including Anakins. He looked up at Cody who had taken off his helmet. "Cody, don't you think it's about time to see who our friends are? Get a squad and meet me in the hanger."

The clone grinned before putting on his bucket and responding with a quick "Yes, sir." and walked out.

Obi wan stayed on the bridge for a moment, studying the unknown ship. It was twice again as long as the Ironclad and it's armaments were devastating, the wreckage of Separatist ships around the a testament to that fact. There was no doubt in his mind that if the UFO decided to attack there would be little the Ironclad could do to stop it.

With a sigh he got up and moved toward the great airlock that served as the door for the bridge, it slid open as he approached.

His walk was a short one and as he arrived he saw Cody briefing four other troopers including Try Again, Jacks, Ghost and Waxer. Kenobi smiled at the sight of Waxer, he had just got back from Kamino after he was grievously wounded in a friendly fire engagement. They had almost lost him, but due to Captain Rexs quick thinking they had been able to stabilize him and send him to the clones birth world where he received multiple cybernetic implants.

He walked up to the five of them Try, Jacks and Ghost saluted while Cody and Waxer just gave a brief nod. "I trust you've all been briefed?"

They all responded with nods or yes sirs.

"Good, but I want to warn you one more time we don't know who these people are or why they took the other crew. But they helped us and saved our skin, so when we arrive all weapons are to be slung. Now let's get going."

=][=
>(POV Change)<p>

Jordan slid down the wall until he was sitting, his arms resting on his knees. Blood had coated his arms from the elbow down and most of

his chest was covered as well, most of it had been from that Anakin guy.

He sighed, thirteen of the 'people' they had rescued died from their injuries before even leaving the hangar, Anakin had to be operated on in here because he couldn't be moved.

He wasn't even sure if he could call them people, they were all technically the same person. Every single man except Anakin and the admiral were clones. Quite a few people were disturbed by this, including Jordan but he wasn't sure. They all varied as if each of them had one or a set of personality traits from the original and shaped their personality around that.

He looked up to see Mike conversing with Fives, he was one of the lucky ones not a scratch on him. Fives, as far as Jordan could tell, was an alright guy and was easy to get along with. He also noticed Captain Cutter talking with Admiral Yurlan, or something like that, he held an ice pack on his head as he gained a minor concussion.

James was so busy looking over the scene he didn't notice Ashoka sit next to him. He was still staring into space when she spoke.
"Hey."

He slowly looked toward her and saw she was also covered in blood.
"Hey, what do ya need?"

"Nothing, I just need to talk to someone." she sighed looking over the crowd of wounded. "Too many good men died when they were so close to being saved. And I wanted to say thank you."

Jordan looked at her curiously, though she was oblivious his polarized visor hiding his face. "Thank me? For what?"

"Well, you did save my life twice, and you also saved my friends and my master."

"Master? Like a slave?"

Ashoka shook her head. "No no no, like a teacher. I'm still an apprentice."

"Oh..." they lapsed into silence for a moment both of them enjoying the peace, only for it to be broken by Jordan. "I just remembered something, I still don't know your name."

"Really, well my name's Ashoka Tano, Jedi apprentice."

"Ashoka, eh? That's a nice name." Jordan said with a hidden grin.
"How long have you been an apprentice?"

"Since I was thirteen, almost five years now."

Jordan didn't respond, instead he took off his helmet laying it on the ground next to him, revealing deep green eyes.

"Wow, has anyone told you your eyes are beautiful." It took a few moments before her brain registered what she had said. She mentally slapped herself, Hard. Where did that come from! Fierfek! What made

me say that?

Jordan smirked. "Yea, but your the first alien to ever say that."

Suddenly the hanger burst into a flurry of activity, two marine squads flew in and evacuated the medical staff and survivors. Meanwhile Cutter, Forge and the rescue teams drew pistols and rifles and pointed them at the large shield doors.

Jordan sat up and grabbed his MA3 from it position on the ground and ran over to the Captain and John, Ashoka in tow. "What's going on?"

"Ellen just radioed in, there an unidentified ship heading to the hanger." John said holding a pistol and knife in a tactical grip.

"Can't we just shoot them down?" Jordan asked.

"Negative, we don't know if their hostiles or friendlies." James said from behind him, holding an M6 upscaled pistol.

Just then a large white rectangle with wings enter through the shield, accompanied by a rather large humming sound. The side door slid back and six figures stepped out, five were in white armor the sixth in robes. They raised their hands when they noticed the guns.

"Well this is awkward." Kenobi mutter before continuing in a loud voice. "We come in peace, you have our men and we would like to negotiate their release."

Ashoka suddenly worked her way past the wall of gun trotting humans and put her hand toward them. "Wait they're the republic! They're the ones you helped."

Jordans gun lowered slightly as he turned his head toward Captain Cutter, glancing between Ashoka, the new arrivals and James. "Orders sir?"

Cutter didn't respond directly "Identify your self! You are trespassing on a UNSC vessel without authorization."

Stepping forward a pace Obi wan replied "I am Jedi master Obi wan Kenobi, general of the republic army. I have come to retrieve my men and establish contact."

"Ashoka?" Jordan whispered to the alien in front of him. She simply nodded in response.

"Stand down marines!" Cutter ordered. "He then walked over to the republic group with Ashoka and the Forges in tow. The marines behind them lowering their weapons but refusing to holster them.

Cutter nodded his head slightly "My name is Captain James Cutter of the UNSC Spirit of Fire. I welcome you aboard, would you follow me so we could discuss matters in a better suited area?"

=][=

>(POV Change)<p>

Mike stretched his arms out in front of him. He had just gotten back to his own personal bunk, Four beds, a Tv and his own personal computer set up all in a 10 by 10 room. After the shield world mission the majority of the crew had been given their own rooms because of the losses they had taken, the space was available.

A slight frown marred Mikes face at the thought. His current room used to be host to four breathing marines, now either dead or infected...

Mike was running.

There was no way it could be called an evacuation, no it was a full on rout. All the ground elements were fleeing trying to make it through the small time window they had before any hope of salvation was cut off.

Mike threw a frag grenade over his shoulder not wanting to look back, the resulting explosion tore into the hideous mass of... Of...

The Flood

That's all Mike could describe his advisaries as. They swept over every thing, killing and defiling all they they came into contact with.

They were nearing the LZ, he could see a flight of pelicans set down less than fifty feet from them. He was over come with hope, for he was on the very edge of sanity. But it evaporated as his vox came to life and Jordans voice came through.

"Alright Helljumpers, on my mark we turn and repel the hoard. These marines need time to get aboard. No complaints, remember our motto 'Feet first into hell' well think this is a pretty good hell. It was an honor."

Mike gripped his DMR, attempting to come to terms with his imminent death.

"MARK!"

He turned, along with five other ODS'Ts, rifle raised and firing into the oncoming flood of death. He tried his damned hardest to avoid taking the flood in detail, to avoid seeing men and woman he called friends mutated into hideous abominations, to avoid seeing his sister...

Knock Knock Knock

Mike jumped as the sound of the knocking broke him from his dayterror. He looked at his computer screen and saw the time, 1400 hours! He had been stuck in the memory for over an hour.

As he got up he noticed his entire body was covered in a sheen of sweat.

The knock came again and he crossed the distance to the door and punched in the lock code, causing the door to slide open. On the

other side was Jordan, Ashley and John. All of them in fatigues.

John and Jordan rushed into the room with a quick 'Hey bud' and sat them selves at the computer, but Ashley stayed at the door for a minute.

"Hey are you okay?" The concern was evident in her voice.

"I- I really don't know." his voice was stuttered and trembled slightly.

"Is it the dreams?"

Mike just nodded his head.

"Hey," She put her hand on his cheek. "Listen those things are long gone, completely destroyed." Another nod. "If it makes you feel better we've all had them, even if those two testa di merdas* won't admit it. Talk to them, it'll help."

*(shit heads)

Mike nodded one last time before moving to take a seat beside the two Forges. "So, as much as I'd like to believe you guys just came to hang out, I know you need something hacked. What is it?"

John laughed "Ah you know us to well, Security camera C6."

"Alright that's kinda specific, why?"

Jordan spoke up this time. "That's were Cutter is holding his meeting with the republic 'delegation', sadly we were locked out of the meeting. So we need you to be our key."

"Fine, but I demand a box from your guys stash and two cigars."

"Ouch, kinda pricey there."

"Hey, if this is a first contact meeting they're going to have both AIs holding up firewalls. This'll be a challenge."

"Fine we have a deal."

"Good now shut up and let me work my magic."

It was a few minutes of typing before Mike sat back abruptly, throwing his hand over his head with a loud string of curses as emphasis.

"What? What's wrong?" Ashley asked.

"I got past Serina and was just about to get by Serenity when they shut me out off the system! I managed to get audio but I don't know how long it'll last before it gets shut down to."

He clicked a button and Cutters voice filled the room. "-And then we launched rescue ships and the rest you know."

"Hmm, that is quite some tale." a voice none of them recognized said, probably that bearded guy from the hanger.

"Do you not believe us?" a third voice said.

John pointed at the screen absent mindedly "That's Anders, for sure."

"On the contrary, I believe you completely. This ship, you're soilders weapons even their emissions align to your tale. It's just alot to absorb and process."

"Emissions?" Anders voice asked.

A fourth voice, the alien Ashoka. "Emissions are what ever living thing emits from their brain waves. Be it thoughts, experiences, memories or emotions. People trained in the force are able to pick up on these emissions and read them like a holobook. You and your crew all emit the samething."

"And that would be?" Cutter asked, he sounded curious to Jordan.

"An experience of great hardship and suffering. There is no way to fake that. You're story is true and as a representative of the republic I offer you aid." the bearded man

"Why would you do that? Not that I'm complaining or anything."

"Well besides helping us with the separatists, you also saved two Jedi and hundreds of clones. Besides it is the Jedi code to help. We need to reach Coruscant, do you have Faster than light capabilities?"

"Sadly no. We were forced to detonate our core to destroy a major threat. Also before anything else I have to ask, what happened to the UNSC?"

"The UNSC? I've never heard of it before. Ashoka says that you maybe from the unknown regions of space, which could change many a things. But there is a matter that needs tending to, the planet below us is under attack and the republic has been delayed to long from helping in the defense"

"Well since you are so willing to help us, I offer you our-" the audio faded into static.

Jordan sat up. "Well let's get geared up, looks like were going to be in for a fight."

=]|[=

A/N: So there it is really happy I finally finished this. Sorry it took so long but I just had a hard time writing for the starwars characters, like damn it's a bitch to do. But anyway I hope to get this up more often, cross your fingers and review. Every little bit helps.

****Sorry for the short chapter but I figure better short and late then never at all, expect more chapters soon. like maybe tommorw if i focus. and you guys know my focus is upped by you reviews.****

****Siege of Mandalore I****

Unsettling.

That was the only word that Ashoka could describe the ODS'Ts preparations. All of them were silent, the only noise were the clicks of their weapons bolts and magazines being checked and rechecked.

The clones were still somewhat... confused, that their weapons were slug throwers. But Ashoka could testify to their effectiveness, she saw first hand how the bullets ripped through the mandolorian iron armour that she had seen withstand a lightsaber slash.

She turned around to face torrent company which she was now in command of completely as Anakin was recovering from surgery. That was another thing that the clones murmured about, all the technology on this ship was backwards to an extreme degree, no bacta, no energy weapons not even anti grav vehicles. She wasn't even going to start on the things to her left and right.

She snapped out of her trance catching the end of Fives comment. "... coffins that's what they are, space coffins."

"Hey, none of that talk!" Ashoka snapped "Sergeant Forge has assured us that these... Pods are completely safe. Now here they come, listen to everything they say and follow it as if it came from the chancellor himself."

They all snapped to attention issuing out a sharp "Yes ma'am."

Ashoka sensed Jordan behind his shoulder through the force, it was the only thing that prevented her from jumping when he spoke up, he was to damn silent. "Good your a disciplined lot, I want the thirty of you to split into squads of ten, then those groups go with either me, Corporal Ashley or Corporal Micheal. We will show you how the HEV pods are used."

The groups were quickly assembled, Jordan just happened to get in the same squad as Ashoka. Mike got Fives and Ashley got paired with Rexs squad. Jordan led his group over to a row of pods twelve in total he pressed the release hatch and the door slid open. He gestured for someone to enter and a trooper with a single blue chest plate sat down.

Jordan started the same speech he had heard a hundred times from his staff sergeants "This is your standard HEV Drop pod, the HEV stands for Human Entry Vehicle. This is your ride down to the surface and into the thick of things. Now when you enter the pod you will have to buckle up, there are three straps which connect in the centre of your chest, two over you shoulder and one from between your legs."

He helped the trooper buckle up, showing the proper way to tighten the straps and explaining how important it was for it to be tight and also told the consequences of them being loose.

Jordan pointed to the compartments beside the crash chairs "When you are seated and strapped in you will put your weapon to the left or right of you where a magnetic clamp will keep it in place."

"Now on my mark a thirty second count down will start giving you newbies time to prepare your self. I want you to take this time to prepare your self mentally and physically. I want you to squeeze your knees together as hard as you can and keep your head back, this will help prevent you from blacking out."

"Lastly when you touch down your door should fly off but incase of a malfunction there are bolts along the edge of the door, give those a smack and the door should come free."

"When you are ready extend your fist out the front of your pod and I'll lower your door." As the clones eagerly climbed into the pods Jordan followed Ashoka to her pod. "You ready?"

She gave him a smile revealing her predatory teeth. "Ya no problem, just jump in this metal coffin and hope I survive a fall from orbit."

The sarcasm was literally dripping from her mouth cause Jordan to grin "Need help getting prepped? Or can Ms Jedi figure it out."

Ashokas smile turned into a pout. "I'm sure I can manage but why don't you help me any way." Jordan found himself mental smacking himself.

_ 'My god she looks so amazi... God man! Stop thinking that way she not even your damned species! Your trained to kill the like of her not get turned on by them! '_

He shook his head and realized Ashoka had said something. "Sorry I didn't catch that."

"I said can you do the last buckle I can't reach it?" she said while pointing to the offending strap.

"Ya sure." he bent down and clicked it into place but as he started to get up Ashoka grabbed his face and kissed him. Jordan tensed up but relaxed into it. Not even a second later he was pushed away revealing a heavily blushing Ashoka.

"That's for saving my life." she stammered out, then quickly slammed the button to seal the hatch and polarize the glass leaving a very confused Jordan to seal the rest of the clones into the pod and get himself in.

**=][=
>(POV Change)

Ashoka buried her face in her hands, as the pods rotated into the launch position.

_ 'By the Force! What compelled me to do that! I'm such an idiot! '_

**'How are you an idiot? That felt completely right, he even went with it.'**

_'Shut up brain! If anyone saw I could be kicked out of the Order!'

_'Calm down no one saw the other were already in there pods. Nothing to worry bout.'

_'NOTHING TO WO-'

She stopped her mental argument as Jordan came onto the squad link, he had his helmet on and polarized. "Alright the count down has started get ready troopers this is going to be a hell of a ride."

_'See Jordans perfectly composed, it didn't affect him.'

_'That doesn't make me feel better.'

As the drop doors open the spacescape came into view. It was amazing she saw the curvature of Mandalore and all the fires that raged across it's surface.

Jordans Helmet once again came on the comm screen. "Alright we are dropping in five, four, three, two, DROP!"

Ashoka gasped slightly as her pod was disengaged from the Spirit of Fire and the engines ignited sending her hurling toward the planet, HEV pods all around her. They had just reached the cloud layer when Jordan spooned all the chutes decelerating the pods.

"By the force." Ashoka muttered under her breath as the city came into view. It was completely destroyed, many of the large skyscraper sized buildings had collapsed and this that hadn't were either close to it or burning. She could see quick lances of red as death watch and droids fired at targets.

Mikes unpolarized face came onto the com cam "Impact in five!"

Ashokas mind just registered his words as she crashed through the roof of a building and stopped three floors in, two other pods were in the same room. Said room was large, it would have been a ball room or restaurant before it was torched, Ashoka would never know. Her hatch exploded outward with a small bang and she stepped out, her restraints automatically releasing.

She walked over to one of the other pods just as it the door fell to the ground. Out stepped a woman in the same armour as Jordan and Mikes, the one who had a problem going on a mission with an alien.

_'Great, out of all the people who dropped I get stuck with the xenophobic bitch. Better be someone good in the other pod like Rex or Fives.'

Without even saying a word to Ashley, Ashoka walked over to the other pod and forced the door open as it had yet to disengage.

She would come to regret that decision as the image would keep her awake for many nights afterwards.

Sitting in the crash chair was a trooper, his armour had melted and ran down his body exposing burnt flesh but it was the head that was most horrifying. The helmets right side was gone revealing his face burnt to the point where she could make out the skull in a few places, his jaw locked in a never ending scream and for some godforsaken reason his eye was completely intact staring at her from a burnt socket, the stark white a contrast to the browns and blacks of his face.

She scrambled back screaming and drawing her light saber, causing Ashley to jump raising her weapon.

"What, what is it." Ashley waved her DMR back and forth until she finally noticed the corpse. "Shit... Fucking toaster. This happens sometimes a faulty pod won't dispel the heat of reentry and you get a toaster."

Ashoka deactivated it as she got up and walked away still shaken up. Ashley followed at a distance.

****=]I[=****
>AN:** IMMM BAAAAACK

Two excuses: New girlfriend and Writers block.

I hope to get back into this and I'm really really sorry for abandoning you guys. Now as for the story, action starts next chapter for sure and Jordan gets some action! BAM! Didn't see that one coming now did ya?

Onto the reviews

Douchiesnacks: Cheers!

Biganime40: Well I don't see the clones as slaves since they are all willing to fight and those that aren't can leave.

Spartan-100: On the contrary, the commandos are lesser to arc troopers who are the only ones who recieved proper Mando training. And that training was second hand off of Jango who wasn't even mandolorian from my knowledge. Two tradition Mando warriors could take on an arc squad and be dead even in my opinion, besides they were technically dead cause the squad was wiped out on kamino so I killed em to fix my error.

DrakeDarkBlade: Thanks but I'm the opposite of you, I'm more into the clone wars era than the old republic and civil war.

Shadow juubi overlord: Here you go.

WOLF: Have I appeased your need for romance?

9. Seige of Mandalore II

****Siege of Mandalore II****

_ 'How did we end up here?' _

That was the only thing Jordan could think of as he sat in the rubble of the sky scrappers top floor with no left hand and an unconscious Ashoka in his lap. There was dead everywhere be it clone or death watch the room was full of them.

He forced his eyes to remain open as he stroked Ashokas head with his remaining hand waiting.

==][= 2 Hours Earlier =][= **

==][= 1000 Hours UNSC standard =][=**

"CONTACT!"

Jordan dove for cover as soon as he heard the word. Behind him three Clones who weren't fast enough took energy bolts to the chest.

"Clankers up high third story!" a trooper called before his brain was vented from his skull, the blood splattering onto Jordans armor.

"Fuck this." Jordan muttered to himself. He rose out of cover his SRS99 press against his shoulder, eyes scanning for prey. That was when he got the first glimpse of the enemy he would be fighting for the coming months. It looked almost skeletal with an elongated head, in it's three finger hands held a rugged looking energy weapon. It was firing down on the 20 clones he had with him and it needed putting down.

CRACK

The recoiled from the .45 caliber round numbed his shoulder leaving a spot that would bruise later. Jordan liked the pain because he associated it with a kill shot. The 14.5x114mm round impacted with the upper right of the droids torso blowing off the arm and a good chunk of the body, disabling the machine. He switched targets to a droid wielding a blaster resembling a sniper.

CRACK

The head was blown clean off and the clancker Dropped five stories to the pavement below.

CRACK CRACK

Two more droids fell, their armor plate unable to withstand the large rounds that the sniper belched forth. As he reloaded the last droid was decommissioned by Rex who put a bolt through it head with a pistol.

They had been walking for about twenty minutes when Ashoka stopped moving and became as still as a statue.

"What? What is it?" Ash whispered.

"Listen." was the only reply

crack crack

The sound rolled over them and would have been missed if a pebble had dropped. The sound was familiar to Ashley though and she recognized it immediately. "That's an SRS! It has to be Jordan he's the only one deployed with one."

Ashoka pointed to the left down a street. "Came from that way."

"How the hell can you tell? The sound is bouncing off all these buildings. There's no way to tell." Ashley snapped.

"It's this way and if you don't come with me I have no problem leaving you here." and with that Ashoka started to run down the street using the force to augment her stamina, leaving Ashley to struggle keeping up.

"Hey Mike, take half the clones and sweep throughout the building on the left, I'll take the rest on the right. If you find a good firing position call it in."

Jordan moved to the building on the right; it was a sky scraper that he hoped would have a clear view of the Capitol building where, if intel was right a terrorist VIP would be announcing a premature victory to his soldiers. The ODS's job was to make sure the speech was never given.

The mismatched squad of UNSC and republic troops moved through the building until they reached the 150th floor. It took them an hour and a half.

"Alright hold it guys, I think this'll be good, I got a good sight line of the Capitol and the buildings should provide cover for the flash. Start making this area defensible cause as soon as I take the shot shit is going to absolutely hit the fan." Jordan said as he opened up a metal case containing a rare weapon that even Spartans couldn't get their hands on most of the time.

The M99 Stanchioned Gauss Rifle.

To his knowledge there were only a hundred spread throughout the UNSC. And for good reason each one cost about the same as a MAC Shell. He set it up, first screwing in the elongated barrel And then plugging it into the portable fusion reactor that generated enough power in five minutes to send ten slugs traveling 15,000 meters a second.

Now all they had to do was wait. "Hey Mike I got this why don't you scout out ahead make sure there's no Innies lurking about."

"Innies? I didn't know we were fighting Innies Jordan." Jordan had to physically stop himself from face palming at the sarcasm in his voice.

=][=

"Get down!" Ashoka hissed as she yanked Ashley down into a group of bodies.

"Bitch what the-" she started to protest but was stopped as thirty

droids walked out from the building in front of them. Slowly she raised her fingers in front of Ashley's visor

One... Two... Three!

They both leapt to their feet, Ashoka triggering her light sabers as Ash fired a burst into the nearest droid. The rounds dug into the metal plate but refused to put the droid down, forcing Ashley to put two more bursts into the head of the droid finally dropping it. She spun around and bashed a droid who was trying to punch her with the battle rifle butt, the thin metal neck giving way to the power of the adrenaline filled blow.

She turned and stood face to face with a monstrosity of machinery, it was a hulking blue silver giant and it wanted her to die. Reacting before her mind could even register the situation Ashley drew her blade; a 30 centimeter long knife made of pure tungsten and polished to a silver gleam, a gift from Jordan for her 21st birthday. She rammed it into the joint of the machine's left leg and quickly darted out and pulled out a fresh blade, identical to the last and stabbed at the droid's back, but the blade stopped, not even denting the plate but bending the blade in such a way that it was useless.

She stared at the blade for only half a second before focusing back to the situation at hand, but that momentary hesitation cost her. The super battle droid spun around and backhanded her across the face, shattering the visor and sending her flying back four feet.

As she got to her feet she ripped off her helmet, because she couldn't see past the spider web of cracks. As she looked up she saw the monster of a droid was cut cleanly in half and the other twenty seven droids destroyed. Ashoka was standing there arms crossed over her ample chest with a smug grin on her face. "27-3 I'll give you the super cause you immobilized it."

Ashley just gave her a look of complete confusion before a slight smirk came across his face. "Your on." was all she said as they continued to ward the direction of Jordan.

It was another twenty minutes before they came across the scene of a battle. There were dead clones and HEV pods everywhere. This was definitely where the shot originated from but now they had no idea on which way to travel since short range comms were offline for Ashley. Ashley sat down on the corpse of a dead battle droid and drank water from her canteen.

"Hey can I have some?" Ashoka asked seeing the water.

Ashley just glared at her, she was tempted not to give her anything, she was after all an alien. But Ashoka had saved her life and destroyed the majority of the droid patrol, so she corked the canteen and tossed it to the now sitting togrutan.

Ashoka took a sip then closed her eyes, allowing the force to flow through her. She was overcome by the amount of pain and suffering that was present but she managed to block it out while looking for any familiar signatures. She skimmed over refugees, surviving planetary defense forces and even a patrol until she finally stopped there were ten signatures she was familiar with including Mike and Rex but one outshone them all. It was like looking directly into a

sun from about five feet away, no one had that powerful of an influence on the force not Anakin, Yoda or even Count Dooku.

It was amazing she had to figure out who it was, some primal instinct told to run there now. She was able to repress it enough to not take off at a dead sprint. Instead she stood up and walked over to Ashley. "I know where the rest of the unit is but there's something really weird with the force."

Standing up Ashley let her curiosity get the better of her. "What do you mean?"

"Someone in the group have the biggest influence on the force I've ever seen, not even the council combined would reach half that level of power. Who ever it is needs to be taken to Coruscant asap." the Jedi let the word fall from her mouth quickly ready to figure out this conundrum.

To Ashley it didn't mean much but she knew an objective when she heard it. Locate, identify, then extract the VIP; as simple as, that no mysticism involved.

They proceeded further toward the centre of the city though they were a good two clicks out. Their target was nearer just a few blocks away. They had just passed a large skyscraper when, suddenly a window high above broke and a screaming clone fell the several hundred feet meeting the ground with such force that the arm he put out to try and stop the fall ceased to exist, spraying blood and bone as his body impacted and flayed apart.

Ash looked at Ashoka. "I think we found them, race you up."

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Jordan was in the process of loading the M99 when he heard it. The sound of a jet pack flaring into life, they arrived so fast he didn't even have time to yell a warning, instead he started a fight for his life.

He jumped back as the first Death Watch warrior flew over the edge of the hole in the wall. He only had enough time to bring his hands to his face when he received a jet pack powered punch to the face. He was sent sprawling to the ground, dazed, as four more Mandalorians entered the room. The clones sprang into action some spraying lasers, which were absorbed by the Mandalorian iron armour, others charging right into combat. One was grabbed in a bear hug and then personally escorted out a window while the Mando simply flew back into the room. Jordan quickly recovered drawing his carbine and putting a round into a mans knee. Armour that was able to withstand both lasers and lightsabers could not withstand the archaic slug, it gave way blowing blood onto the wall behind him and crippling the death watch soldier.

Capitalizing on the advantage he had just gained Jordan put two rounds in the screaming man then proceeded to jab his combat knife into the base of the neck, the man fell to the floor ripping the blade from Jordans grasp. Before he could retrieve it another death watch came at him with a one-handed semi circle axe that had overlapping blades. Jordan rolled to the right and barely avoided the

blow that probably would have cut him in half. He brought up his carbine and fired, emptying his clip at the approaching warrior, but in his haste to avoid the axes reach his shots were imprecise and missed the target. The axe swung again and although Jordan dodged it his carbine was caught by the blade severing the barrel.

Now Jordan was unarmed against this brute, the ODST quickly scanned the room looking for anything that he could use to his advantage. As he surveyed the room a feeling of hopelessness filled him, all the clones he had with him were dead and the only hostile down was done by him. He couldn't even grab a weapon from the fallen since the surviving death watch were throwing the out the window. He quickly accepted his fate and found that his last thoughts were of Ashoka.

"Well, we finally got a real challenge hey boys." the Death watch solider with the axe said pointing said weapon at Jordan who was now standing limply. The other three chuckled darkly. "You fought bravely son, why don't you join us. We could use someone like you, especially since a position recently opened up." the axeman nodded his head to the dead Death watch. They waited for a response, a long 10 seconds.

Jordan had no intention of joining a terrorist organization but he used the pause to finalize his last kill. His response was barely audible, just a whisper. "Never." he charged emulating how the first clone died, he grabbed the unsuspecting leader and pulled him toward the window and jumped.

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Mike knew that going on patrol was a stupid idea now he was pinned down by a large droid force. The droids them selves weren't the problem, in fact they were the easiest enemies he had ever fought. They walked ever forward not even bothering to use cover, something even the dumbest grunt could achieve, and most wouldn't raise their weapons past there chest choosing instead to just point and fire in there general direction. At one point he swore he saw one of the larger ones swat a skinny one just so it could shoot.

No the droids weren't a problem. The problem was there were so fucking many. They had, at least, dropped thirty each yet they still kept coming, but at least they found a few crates of ammo for the blasters.

One had to wonder which would run out first the droids or the ammo.

That's what would decide their fate.

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"Jordan! No!"

Ashokas heart jumped all the way to her throat as she saw Jordan jump out the window while grappling a mandolorian. She instantly activated her lightsaber and was among the final three warriors. She decapitated one before they had time to react. She dashed to the side using the force to augment her speed, as a female death watcher sent a jet of flame at her last position.

As she did this Ashley entered the room spraying the room with full auto fire from her BR55, emptying a whole clip into the mans chest. Unfortunately for Ash the legendary armour of the Mando'a held up against the punishment, though it did stagger him. She charged forward and swung the rifles butt at the Mandos head, snapping it to the side. In return she received a bare fisted punch to the face that left her knocked out on the floor, face bloodied.

Ashoka grunted as her lightsaber impaled a second Mandalorian, but before she could retrieve it she felt an immense pain spread over her shoulder. She turned around to see her final opponent pointing a blaster in her face.

"Time to die Jedi scum." He growled.

Ashoka didn't even have time to gulp as the blaster was fired.

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{Remember this section takes place during a 150 story free fall.}

Jordan didn't have anytime to regret his decision as he was punched across the face. Grunting he brought a knee up to the mans crotch, sending them hurling away from each other, the Mando holding his manhood with his free hand. Angling himself Jordan propelled himself toward his adversary.

Using his extrodanary momentum Jordan sent a punch at the mans gut. His hand met the hard metal of his opponents armour and pain lance through it. His opponent chuckled and brought the axe, which he had managed to hold onto, down barely missing Jordans skull. Instead it cut through his titanium chest plate and left a large gash down his chest.

Howling in pain the ODST launched his left fist into the mans face sending the helmet fly and relieving his opponent, a blond haired man with a large scar running from his hairline to his upper lip. Grabbing his opponents shoulder Jordan spun himself around so that he was behind his opponent, he then grabbed onto the mans jet pack and started to pull with all his might.

To Jordans relief it pooped off without to much resistance. The pack he held onto was the only way either of them would survive, and they both knew it. As soon as he had it, it was kicked away by the blond headed man. It fell past the both of them and Jordan was first to react, putting his arms to his side and flying head first toward the pack. But the mandolorian was right behind him.

Jordan reached both his hands out to grab the pack when a blur flew past and an immense pain rocked his system. The Mando had thrown his axe, intending to get Jordan in the back but the wind currents angled it so that it sliced clean through his left wrist.

Jordan let out a cry so loud it could have been heard over the wind fly past his ears. Blood squirted onto his chest as he brought his left arm in but he kept his right outstretched. Biting the inside of his mouth Jordan tasted blood, there was only a foot between him and

the pack. With a short prayer he thrust his arm out farther...

SUCCESS!

He felt the pack in his hand and instantly magnetized it to his back. He activated it and felt the extreme g-force as he stopped his free fall. He looked down to see the mandolorian fall the last four stories to his death, screaming in defiance the entire time. Looking up he remember Ashoka and Ashley he rocketed upward, shoving the extreme pain that his mind was receiving.

Ashoka opened her eyes to see the Mando crumple in a heap in front of her, blood flowing out of the hole in his head.

Whipping her head around Ashoka saw Jordan, a smoking gun in his right hand, a bloody gash down his chest, a large cut under his right eye and his left hand missing. Ashoka let the shock of her blaster wound catch up as she crumpled falling next to the man who shot her.

==][= The Present =][= **

==][= 1200 UNSC Standard =][=**

Jordan sigh and moved Ashoka so that she was lying down he checked her wound and saw that the biofoam was still in place.

A large horn went off in the distance, signaling the start off the Death Watch victory announcement. Jordan looked in the direction of the Capitol building and let out another sigh, they had failed, the clones were dead, Ashoka and Ash will be soon, he was on the verge and Mike was out there somewhere. His gaze fluttered down a bit and he saw a rifle barrel sticking out under a clones body.

With a grunt Jordan lifted himself off his knees. Standing now he stumbled his was toward the body. He collapsed next to it his head getting light. He rolled the body over and saw the M99 Stanchioned Gauss Rifle, perfectly intact! A rush of adrenaline filled him, there was still a chance for the liberation to succeed. Righting it he lay down his chest sending another lance of pain through his body. He looked through the scope and saw his target, he was on the pedestal that had somehow been place on the roof of the Capitol building.

His body started to shake, which would throw of his aim. He willed his body still and blocked out all outside influences. All of a sudden things started to fade to white, nothing remained except for Jordan and his target. It was a surreal experience not being able to acknowledge anything but the man you were about to kill. Jordan just chalked it up to the extreme blood loss he was going through.

He took a deep breath and to his surprise the pain didn't register any more. Slowly letting it out he started to depress the trigger, firing when he reached the bottom of his breath.

The rifle made no noise as it propelled a quarter pound tungsten sabot at 15,000 feet per second impacting with the mans skull instantly, making it explode with such force that there wasn't even a neck remaining. At least thats what anyone else would have seen. To Jordan everything moved in slow motion, he saw the sabots cartridge

break apart. He saw the sabot spin lazily on it trajectory. He saw the targets forehead morph as it can into contact with the tungsten.

As his head blew apart everything came rushing back then just as quick faded to black as conscienceness left him.

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**A/N: Hot Damn it's finally finished! Oh and I'm thinking about starting a SI mass effect story. What do you guys think?**

**Ryan: I'm glad I did well enough to nullify you iffiness.**

**Biganime40: Meh everyone has their own opinion who am I to tell you your wrong**

**DrakeDarkBlade: Do I really write that well? I always feel like it's messed up that really make me feel better.**

**WOLF: Sorry bud couldn't fit it in this chapter maybe next and if not then the next combat arc. Promise.**

**Saboteur: I honestly don't know. I just write as I go with only certain key event that I come up with to guide me. A good example is this chapters ending I tailored this entire chapter to fit the ending.**

**FORD B: As to the halo peoples side? What'd you mean by that?**

**Ozymandeos: Awww but I love reading the other stories on this site cause it makes me inspiredy.**

**Anom: I know but I can't have the UNSC be completely useless. The story would die.**

**Wolf2: Cheers, bud.**

10. The Successor

I know another note was the last thing you guys wanted to see. It's the last thing I wanted to write. Unfortunately about 3/4 of the way into the re writing process I realized just how many plotheoles and unanswerable question there were. To your eyes you haven't even realised they were there but worst of all Jordan was on the slippery path of the Gary stu. a despicable and loathsome creature. So it is with great trepidation that I here by disband First Contact. Adopt it if you wish all I ask is for you to ask permission from me.

HEY HEY HEY. Where you guys going? I got some good news to. My writing skills and grasp of the English language has increased exponentially. Therefore I am PROUD to announce the spiritual successor to SoF:FC titled Divinities End. look for it in the coming days and rejoice. I AM BACK!

End

file.